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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's

FEBRUARY 4, 1980

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ELECTION 1980

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VOL. 93 NO. 5

### In the Black

"I wouldn't want to have to explain this to out-of-work Canadian actors," says producer Bill Marshall, who may have to pay Kieran Black \$60,000 just to appear in a film. **Page 10**

## Going for broke

Page 100

### An Alaskan customer

Rather than Vietnam, it is Czechoslovakia in 1966 that comes to mind as Soviet troops dig into Afghanistan with chilling efficiency for a long occupation. **Page 30**

## no. 160000 St. James lunch-bucket-ender

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## Waiting for the 'roarback'

By Rodrick McQueen

Of all the silly stories swirling in the media hypogry and partisan puke of the federal election campaign, surely none was more goofy than the notion that Ontario Premier Bill Davis might not sleep his position for Prime Minister Joe Clark. The day after the Conservative government fell, Davis told the Ontario legislature: "I am a Conservative and I remain a Conservative and my support will be for the national leader." Davis pledged and to Clark by telephone the next day and dispatched Pat Kincaid, executive director of the Ontario party, to tell National Campaign Chairman Paul Cury that Davis' Big Blue Machine would go full tilt for the feds. Yet as Clark outlined the public support of Davis and his associates at last week's immediate reception, the question remained: will it make any difference?

In Ontario, in May 1978, the Conservatives elected 37, Liberals 32, new six Twenty-three seats were won by margins of five per cent or less. With the Gallup poll now giving the Liberals a 25-per-cent lead, a huge swing has occurred, and at Queen's Park the explanation is given in one word: Clark. "The country began with no



Clark, Davis, talking with the consequences

expectations about Clark," says one Davis adviser, "and we not surprised. It's his holiday inn—he's surprised." A campaign chairman for a Conservative supporter on Marco Tonnino's staff and Ontario: "Nobody thinks he's the world's best prime minister, but outside Toronto at least it's safe to bet him as your favourite."

Ontario Tories included, along with much of the rest of Ontario, that Clark looks respectable, takes himself too seriously and does not listen. In September, when Clark visited Davis, he was even dogged by a prank. Although only the two of them were to sit at a conference table, the services were tricked up as if it were a federal-provincial gathering. Tall Canadian and Ontario flags were placed near the respective chairs; were plaques and logotypes emblazoned "Ontario" and "Canada." Finally, a bust of Sir John A. Macdonald, the party patron saint, was pulled in close as if he were a third delegate. Davis was no more Clark would have when he saw the scene that he let one staffer a box of cigars there would be guffaws all round Clark said nothing.

Davis felt more than the dignities. At the Tokyo summit in June, Clark said Canadian energy should move to the world price. A thoughtful paper by Ontario, released in August, set out the costs in Confederation and is conscious that the additional revenue would cause Yarn, and Ottawa, just Ontario grandstanding. Ottawa saw the November first summit meeting as only a face-saving safety valve for Davis, and fretted more that Alberta Premier Peter Lougheed might march out in a huff that it worried about recycling new oil dollars. While Ottawa tossed around rhet-

oric to the effect that Ontario would not be forgotten, it was Alberta's pricing that was remembered. Just as Robert Stanfield lost the 1974 election before it was called because leader-lusting Ontario turned to a Pierre Trudeau, who stood up to Alberta's demands, so too was the 1980 election tossed away before the writ was issued.

And yet the Trudeau government had made so many mistakes it had skeletons waiting for ghosts. Ontario Tories were not about to adopt a new kind of conservatism where you don't learn from the past. Just as Davis supported Stanfield in 1974, although he personally disliked price and income controls, he would do it again, although he and Clark differed on energy policy. But here? At Park Plaza Hotel strategy sessions the mercurial Koble Goodman told Davis to go full out for Clark. Other advisers, including barman Bill Kelly and advertising guru Harrison Atkins, said: "Do enough so the feds are grateful, but not enough to damage our credibility." But as Tom Scott, vice-president of Foster Advertising, pointed out, "It's all very well to say that, but how do you do it?" In May, Davis took nearly three weeks off to campaign for Clark, but he and his cabinet have since taken up full-backing—even on the day the government fell. His shell-like air filled with nervousism. Davis headed on his scheduled post-Christmas holiday at his residence in Fort Lauderdale, in the middle of the world's largest oilstruck, Florida. And if Trudeau had retired, and Donald MacDonald had won the Liberal leadership armed with a policy to renegotiate oil prices, Davis might have stayed on in Florida, long enough to become governor. There he backed in more than hundred Party jobs and Davis' popularity had never been higher, yet his prime minister had pointed him to shore his energy policy. How then to balance his responsibility as a premier with his duty as a party leader? In the end, the decision was simple, even predictable: campaign for Clark and win with the consequences. If he was better about Clark, he was enraged with a resurrected Trudeau. Better the devil you know than the devil you don't want to know again.

So back he came last week, the master of compromise, ready to support Clark, the man of true whiten, at five-point million and up to 20 other million, all for an election that appears lost. It's an election where Liberals make turkey jokes about Clark but run their own leader stalled. The only thing that can save Clark now is what former Ontario premier Leslie Frost used to call the "roarback." That's when fields voters become volatile and switch on mass to a candidate for whom they feel sudden sympathy. The federal Conservative slogan: "Real change deserves a fair chance" could ride that roarback. Of course Frost is dead now. Maybe roarback is too.

Rodrick McQueen is Maclean's managing editor.

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# If they hit, can they score?

By Morris Shumatcher

It's one thing to call your hobbies out to a friendly game of catch in the park on a sunny summer morning. It's something different calling the shots for a baseball game on Canada's \$3.6-billion-square-mile diamond, except by dressing gales and blasted by a barbed banner, with savagery in the dugout, draggery in the bleachers and information muggery outside the ball park.

But the game is on, the teams are scrambling and the fans are hoping that, this time, someone will hit a home run. And it shall be closely watching the hitters to see if those who don't strike out touch the bases—all four of them.

First base: Any player who hopes to get to it better make up promises he or his party may well keep if they win. The road to Parliament is already too cluttered with broken promises. No wonder in a near-state society closed to the world's winds of change, it might seem possible to nationalize theorists to believe they can promise and produce things with a few sophomoric slogans. But the real world is not like that. Be complex like it grows, and so subject to changes that are beyond the power of any parliament or congress to direct, that it is a cruel joke to a candidate perpetrating upon his constituents, who promise to turn the price of any money to go to university or to predict the behavior of anyone toward any law.

What candidate will be so self-controlled as to make first base?

**Second base:** If a specific promise is made to the country by a politician or his party that contemplates the raising of money by taxation or the expenditure of money by government, I expect all the facts to be presented to me as a citizen and taxpayer with the greatest scrutiny.

The law has long provided that a company may not raise a penny from the richest and poorest without disclosure of the use to which the money is to be put, the benefit the investor may expect and the history and record of the company and its officers. Yet, persons who stand for election to Parliament are now asking me, along with 25 million other Canadians, to authorize them to use their power to raise \$60 billion and perhaps \$10 billion every year for the next four or five years on the strength of slogans and laws signs that they would not pass muster in a high-school student-council election. If a candidate and his party choose to promote a particular policy, it is unreasonable to expect that they disclose the facts upon which their promises are premised in order that the public may judge whether their statements are credible and their promises sound?

Is there a candidate who can make it to second?

**Third base:** Because most of us rely home to find the store to make enough money to pay the taxes needed to provide the essential public amenities through government, we are willing to authorize a candidate to go to



The teams are scrambling and the fans are hoping . . .

Ottawa and there do for us what we would do for ourselves were we not kept so busy doing the things we would not have to do if Parliament passed fewer new laws and repealed more old ones.

When I entrust to my member the duties of his singularly grave, public role, it is unreasonable that I should expect that in discharging his responsibilities he will exercise the same degree of integrity and skill that any other professional person undertaking an important task owes to his client or his patient.

I therefore would like to ask my candidate to touch third base and tell me that he accepts such a personal responsibility for the management of my affairs and yours in Ottawa. To this end, I expect him to acquire the fullest knowledge of the concerns of the government that unwitting diligence will command. I expect him to act not upon impulse or caprice but upon knowledge and an informed judgment. His judgment, action and conscience are his, and for them I expect him to accept the same high degree of accountability that the law imposes upon any other trustee or professional or craftsman who undertakes to discharge his duties with integrity, competence, care and efficiency.

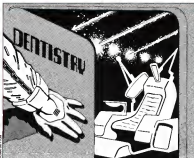
Is there a candidate who will make third base on these terms?

**Home plate:** To touch home base and score, a candidate must convince me that not only his party's platform is sound, but his personal conviction is sound. He must show me that he and his party are in tune with the nature and character of my country as I see it and love it and hope it to be. I am more concerned that he present the vision of Canada than that he embrace upon arbitrary changes designed to extirpate vision, because I believe there to be more good than bad in the land, more right than wrong in its laws, more love than hate within its homes, more industry than sloth in its workplaces, more contentment than envy among its people.

I would like my candidate to reflect my concerns that this promise, multi-faceted diamond that is Canada, be protected against the predators of the world, upon our land and safeguard its beauty with conscious care.

Most Canadians know that strong fences make good neighbors. Canada's borders are 13,997 miles long. During his term as MP, this may become the prime preoccupation of the candidate who will sit for my neighborhood in Parliament. Therefore, before he touches home base, I want his word of honor that his first concern is to preserve our country, its land and riches, its freedom and integrity. To him I say, as the irrepressible Samuel Goldwyn once said to his partner, "If you can't give me your word of honor, at least give me your promise."

Morris Shumatcher is a lawyer and author of a recently published book, *Man of Law: A Model*.



## Nipping cavities in the buds

So you faint at the sight of a dentist's drill and you had to take out a second mortgage to pay for your children's braces? Well, sufferers, the tooth fairy hasn't abandoned you. Dr. Edward Kollar of the University of Queensland Health Center envisions a dentistry of the future where a sick tooth could be saved by transplanting living tissue from one tooth to another. And his work also points to a time when awkward protruding protrusion teeth will not be caused in bowls of metal, when teen-age gothic smiles will be clinically held together by passive rather than by interlocking wires.

Such prospects are the product of Kollar's work on the embryological development of teeth. By learning how teeth develop before a baby is born, Kollar hopes that someday serious dental problems can be quite literally nipped in the tooth bud. "In the future we might be able to repair some kinds of damage in the embryo rather than in later life," he says. In every disastrous stage of a waiting toother knows, the teeth do not actually erupt from the gums until several months after birth, but teeth build themselves begin to develop during the eighth to 16th week of pregnancy.

Moreover, Kollar foresees "tooth banks" similar to present-day eye banks where healthy human enamel tissue could be stored and later implanted

to correct abnormalities such as too-tight dental enamel and unsightly spacing between the teeth. In addition, Kollar and his research associates hope their study into the early development of teeth will contribute to more detailed knowledge of the origins of birth defects. "We are not simply studying fetal teeth, but a common thread of prenatal development," he explains. "If we know why teeth don't develop properly, we will know a lot more about such things as why clubfoot patients don't dance correctly and why limbs show congenital abnormalities." Although anthropologists have long relied on analyses of teeth unearthed during archaeological digs to create complex pictures of prehistoric man, modern specialists are only beginning to study teeth as a key to fetal development.

For all Kollar's optimism, however, it's still a little early to expect your next dentist's appointment. He admits that the kind of knowledge necessary to correct dental defects at the embryonic stage is "still some distance off." Not that the doctor himself doesn't eagerly hope for the dawning of the long-awaited day. He admits to having "a fair number" of cavities himself. What's more, three of his five children already have braces and the other two, he says with resignative born of experience, "seem to be heading in the same direction."

Rita Christopher

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# All the presidents' man

Here is Teddy White's year and he knows it. For the journalist who began chronicling American presidential elections with *The Making of the President, 1960*, the upcoming campaign is the quadrennial road to glory. He was, at first, modest, and wrote his sixth book, but then's one thing Theodore M. White wants to make absolutely clear—after more than 40 years in the game, he is still old reporter. And sure, Theodore White is an authority, a pundit whose very presence at a great conference gives added gravitas to an ongoing candidate. He poses the living room of his fashionable Manhattan townhouse, his stride a peculiar blend of slightly cocky confidence held in line by the measured steps of a man of substance. Wearing a bowtie on the rocks, he delivers his sentences with the abrupt certainty of a man who no longer expects his opinions to be questioned. Whatever his pretensions, White came by his journalistic credentials through his own brilliance and dogged hard work. The son of Russian-Jewish immigrants, he finished newspapers on Boston streets before earning a scholarship to Harvard. He distinguished himself in Chinese language and history, and displayed a lucid style that later earned him the position of *Time* magazine's correspondent in the Far East, based in war-torn China. While experienced on that experience by seeing both America and the world.

Out of China, the first of many best sellers produced between stints as a political correspondent in Europe and the US for *Colliers* and other magazines. Over the years, critics have faulted White for an unbecomingly journalistic tendency to omit the line from reporter to hero-worshiper, lobbying his prominent subjects as if he were a pundit of being questioned. Still, even if they may, no one doubts that Teddy White covered the election process with unparalleled energy and in the process redefined the art of political reporting in the United States. Gearing up for yet another election, he reflected with Maclean's *New York Bureau Chief* Ben Christopher on 20 years on the campaign trail.

**Maclean's:** How have campaign changed since 1960?

**White:** You can't compare 1960 now. It's like comparing a 1969 ball game to a basketball game. The forms simply don't fit. In 1960 there were



White, the cockiest, best and worst of all revolutionaries political reporting

three Democratic candidates, just a handful of primaries. Today there are 13 candidates, 30 primaries and it drives everyone to total exhaustion. It's absolutely idiotic and insane. It's almost incomprehensible to describe the whole thing.

**Maclean's:** What are the most significant changes in the political process?

**White:** There has been a vast revolution in manners and mores. Women simply didn't exist in politics in 1960. Now, there are states where women dominate politics. They got tired of looking on and they took over. Women have moved in, blacks have moved in. In 1960, there were only two black congressmen. Today there are 16 or 17.

**Maclean's:** Do you think that the emergence of women, of ethnic groups, of racial-ethnic groups, has improved the political process?

**White:** I don't think we are better governed now than we were then. If you're a black or a paraplegic or a blind person, or a Hispanic American, I imagine you prefer it now. But if you're a white male, your opportunities have been vastly diminished.

**Maclean's:** How do you not approve of the growing number of primaries?

**White:** The proliferating primaries stem from a desire to improve the system, and from such liberal ideas has come absolutely the most racist system you could imagine. We have percentages for Hispanic delegates, black delegates. In New York at the moment they're debating the number of American Indian delegates. It's racist, that's all. It's just fitting everybody into a gridiron pattern.

**Maclean's:** How can the system be improved?

**White:** I think we should have national level governing primaries. How can a teacher teach a class about the American political system when even the politicians can't understand the election laws? They were changed in 1976 and again for 1980. They're so chaotic and rubbery it's impossible to make sense of the process. Every state has its own laws, and in some the primary laws are different for the Republicans and the Democrats.

**Maclean's:** Do you think your own influence on permanent in 1960 has helped lead to their professionalization and do the masses of Americans who now cover candidates?

**White:** I think I made it seem too simple,

too simple, and that, that bothers me. I was more interested in politics than in government. I delighted in that first simple story and now I suppose I'll have to try to make it simple again.

**Maclean's:** When you look ahead to the middle of tomorrow, what do you foresee?

**White:** What I've been expecting has already happened. All too often alien powers use an American election year to make maximum trouble. It happened with the Tet offensive when the North Vietnamese did it in 1968. It happened in 1956 with the Suez crisis, with the U-2 affair in '60, Czechoslovakia in '68, and the North Vietnamese offensive in '72. Now is the time foreign powers know they can kick us, the United States, in the balls. Nobody likes the threat of war. We aren't going to do a thing about the Russians in Afghanistan. We didn't do anything about the invasion of the Rhineland in 1936. We didn't do anything when Japan attacked China in the '30s.

**Maclean's:** How do you rate Carter as a president?

**White:** Very high. He has good intentions. I don't think we can really judge his performance yet. He's the will-things of Nixon. Nixon was not running as Sir Galahad, you know. But Carter told us all he was pure of intention. For now, I think we'll have to wait, maybe as long as 30 years, to judge him.

**White:** At '68 Republican convention, Nixon was not running as Sir Galahad, you know?



**Maclean's:** Some critics have said you were too kind to Nixon in your book *Break of Faith*?

**White:** That's bullshit. In a 500-page book, I felt it was fair to give him 10 pages of credit. A friend of mine told me, "If you give him more than three, they'll murder you." But in any book Nixon deserves credit for what he did. He was brilliant in the area of foreign policy. He upset American liberals and he upset every body who he broke the law, which no president should do.

**Maclean's:** What do you think will see the 1980 presidential election?

**White:** I have no idea now. I'll unravel all of that in my book.

**Maclean's:** Do you have a reputation as an accurate forecaster of events?

**White:** Anybody can be wrong. I predicted that the Maginot Line was invulnerable.

**Maclean's:** In 1960 the last time you've going to do a presidential campaign book?

**White:** Probably I think I'll go back to writing novels after this. I wanted to do the political books from 1960 to 1980 and after this election, I will have completed that. ☐

Really mild...  
surprisingly satisfying



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By Wayne Skene

The signs at the side of the highway leading into Grande Prairie, Alberta, claim "over 30,000" clients. Both have an bumper-to-bumper with heavy equipment on construction, most heading west toward the 26,000-square-mile Kinoworth natural gas field which lies beneath the soil less than an hour's drive toward the British Columbia boundary. Two hundred exploration wells have been drilled in the area. Average wage: \$35,000 for six months' work.

"Nice, neat little town," comments a visitor sitting in a chair at the local Chamber of Commerce.

"Prett" exclaims a member of the chamber.

"City," corrects a second. "Twenty-three thousand citizens."

"Incorporated in 1858," adds the first. "Canada's most northerly city. On a latitude with Moscow."

Right. At 55-plus degrees of latitude that puts you up there with Toronto, Siberia, and La Ronge, Saskatchewan. But there's no denying civic pride. Both men smile patiently after the opening exchange, waiting for nothing less than the declaration in Moskau that Grande Prairie is the latest in a series of Alberta boomtowns. And they're perfectly correct, of course. Boomtowns, though, just aren't what they're made out to be. Forget the re-

## Turn west at the sign of the boom



Bumper-to-bumper into Grande Prairie, a town solves a housing problem (left), barely fills the signpost can afford the heat.

The signs of Grande Prairie's "boom" are all there—the heavy equipment, the pickup trucks, and neon-lit signs which brighten the street, not in the bank. At local exterior pickup entrepreneur cars, three to one—in Alberta, a rare sign of prosperity.

The owner of the first restaurant off the highway into town (Beechfield's) looks, in the busy, sunny hours of the pickled lounge, like Bruno Ganz. He is a short, gregarious man with a curly toupee and an open shirt which proudly reveals a patch of chest hair and—admittedly—what an orange—a gold medal that could buy lunch for Grande Prairie.

Bob Macchiangeli's waitress enters uniformly dressed in oil-field denim and ski jackets. \$10-dollar steak sandwiches are served down with the familiar "yes and seven." Alberta's provincial drink after the "Bloody Caesar" is still about of vodka mixed in a concoction of clam and tomato soup with a piece of celery sticking out of it. Nobody removes the baseball caps that provide free observa-

tion for the Pittsburgh Steelers and Mack Trucks while they eat. And the waitresses, joyfully going about their duties, are paid the highest floor wages in town—\$10 an hour. That can, if you work hard and long and hustle these tips, convert into \$38,000 a year for slinging drinks and steaks. And that is Grande Prairie's boom.

Macchiangeli's wage policy is more a symptom than a cause of Grande Prairie's problems. The city has more jobs than people to fill them—some 1,100 vacancies at last report. A recent survey prepared by the Chamber of Commerce's economic development commission claims that by the end of 1988 there will be 3,250 job vacancies (three-quarters of them skilled or semi-skilled) and that the population should rise by 4,192 to round out at 25,000. But chances are none of the jobs will continue to go begging. You see, Grande Prairie is packed.

In Grande Prairie a guest doesn't register for a hotel room, he or she signs a waiting list. The city has at least 700 units (with another 700 under construction) but no vacancies again are the normal greeting for travellers. Mortgages you might "steal" over another night," and

lease either: "Where are you going to sleep? Backseat of your T-Bird?" (And Grande Prairie, too, has the share of 10 centers.) The commission's study, prepared by local insurance man Dan Kelly, points out that at \$425 minimum rent for the average new one-bedroom apartment, barely half the new single workers will be able to afford it even if space were available. "That's, some locals are renting out in their basements for \$300 a month," says Macchiangeli's man-



ager and bartender, 24-year-old Dave Foster from Calgary.

"Before I raised the wage to \$10 an hour for the girls, I couldn't keep any body," says the 42-year-old ex-city worker Macchiangeli. "If I even lose sideways at them they'd walk out. Clean a coffee pot? Are you kidding?" Thanks to staff shortage Macchiangeli, for the first two years in the steak business,

Macchiangeli, the \$10-an-hour solution



offer went without filling all his available table space. Who needs the long hours on their feet for \$4 an hour? "So I figured I'd better take a chance," he chuckles. "I advertised across the country for experienced girls at \$10 an hour, a nice even figure, and by the second day I got 85 applications." By the third day there were 180. Two girls telephoned from Newfoundland. "First come, first served, I told 'em," says Macchiangeli. Next morning both girls were on the doorstep. For the next 43 days they had to survive, though, in a motel before they could secure a suitable room. "Much of the problem has to do with the way the cost-of-living increases on the rise increase inflation and prices in the city," explains Dan Kelly, pointing at the room and bonded plus high wages received by field workers.

Grande Prairie is the kind of place you see in movies about the American Midwest—tree-lined, clean streets, lots of green lawns (in season) and new sidewalks. Like the mighty Peace River country on which it borders, it seems to leap suddenly out of the forested wilderness of northern Alberta, the last major virgin agricultural land in Canada. Despite the mixed blessings brought by the Kinoworth discovery (one of the lesser being a 25-per-cent increase in alcohol-related crimes, especially on weekends when the 43-man RCMP detachment has to cope with the roughneck), Grande Prairie could make it alone. Last year's growth rate was an enviable six per cent, gross farm receipts were \$36 million, forestry brought in another \$25 million and an estimated 70,000 tourists passed through the area last year leaving behind almost \$2 million. Grande Prairie boasts a 3,000-student regional college, a symphony orchestra—over a polo club. "We're a young vibrant community," says Foster, co-chairman of the Chamber of Commerce commission. "The average age of our businessmen is between 25 and 37. I don't think we have a thousand citizens over age 65. There's hardly enough business to keep one funeral parlor going."

But the city's problems still remain, like clouds over Shangri-La. The cost of living jumps seriously with every new infusion on the Kinoworth field. The high costs and pitiful lack of housing (Kelly's survey showed "and for a maximum of 1,300 units by the end of 1990 while only about 1,000 are actually under construction) deters the unemployed of Prince Rupert and Come By Chance from heading "north of 58." An overture to the provincial government for help during the housing shortage set with a not surprising response from Peter Lougheed's government, no final. After all, Grande Prairie isn't the only boomtown in Alberta, you know. ☐

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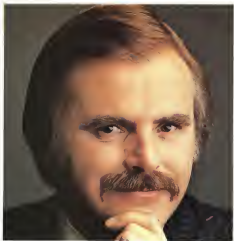
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## There'll never be another Vice President like Richard.

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The President made that promise to himself last Thursday afternoon, after Richard blew an important new-business presentation.

Richard isn't incompetent. The villain in his lunches or rather the treasury divide is often his at lunch. Come afternoon, he's just not as sharp as he was in the morning.

Richard is playing dice with his health. His old-fashioned business style is also sabotaging his career. Today, with competition

as rough and makes so high, even the most generous company can't be patient for long with an employee whose effectiveness ends at noon.

If you're a friend, do Richard a favour by recording him of the good sense of moderation.

You can bet the man crying his job won't help him.



## Letters

### Another opening, no other show

Lawrence O'Toole, in his article *Best Worst and Others* of 79 (Dec 28), says that *The Expanse of Kasper Hauser* by Werner Herzog is an older film that "didn't open in Canada until 1979." Of course all we Montrealers know that what he meant to say was that *Kasper Hauser* didn't open in Toronto until 1979, having played in Montreal in 1976. I might have forgiven the association of the rest of Canada to Toronto if he had not also committed the superfluous sin of shooting at best film of the year that empty Technicolor shell *Apocalypse Now*.

GAIL JORDAN MONTREAL

### Blue lines and orange juice

It is refreshing to see that *Maclean's* puts out a year-end issue as banal and nostalgic as the rest of the trade. It is also refreshing to read that Hal Quinn puts no more thought into his recollections of Canadian hockey in 1979 than any other of the athletes who would "try to rest the myth of Canadian hockey supremacy" (*OM Myths, New Dreams*, Dec. 31). I suppose it is much easier to reiterate that conventional sentiment than give over a superficial examination to the differences which exist between the two hockey systems. The Soviet system, in my mind, is an efficient one, within which the end justifies the means, whereas on this continent hockey is a marketable commodity, the end equalling the means as long as the bottom line reads "profit." Hal Quinn to say that the game is played here in communism, in my opinion, is saying that vodka is ruined by adding orange juice to it. Granted there are many aspects of the North American game that could use major changes but I grow continually tired of being told that the game is being played here whether it is in Hartford or Moscow.

MICHAELYN OTTAWA

### Prising prising prising

What refreshing reading we all enjoyed as we perused Harry Boyle's *In Praise of Prising Prising* (Dec. 17). We all need much more of this thinking rather than the current downgrading of our

*Letters* are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply their full name and address, and send correspondence to *Letters to the Editor*, *Maclean's*, 100 University Ave., Toronto, Ontario, M5S 1A7.



'Apocalypse' scared the unapardonable sin

leaders past and present. Pray God that articles like Boyle's will awaken the desire for leadership among our well-informed young people and that our country may again take its place in the van of social and spiritual uplift.

C. H. BAXTER ANCHUTHER, ONT.

### Mother of the year

As a regular subscriber to your magazine I was disappointed in your cover story—*The Year That Was* (Dec. 31), depicting the faces of the past year. Although I can appreciate the difficulties in making a selection, I would nevertheless suggest that there was one face which you omitted and which should have been there—the face of Mother Teresa. After all, she won the Nobel Prize for Peace in the year of 1979. In dedicating her life to unselfish service to the sick and suffering, she stands as a refreshing and inspiring symbol of hope to an ill-informed world where it is often hard to find. I would also like to suggest that despite its lies, blunders and

wrinkles, Mother Teresa's was one of the beautiful faces of 1979.

COLIN S. SHEPPARD, VICTORIA, B.C.

### Birthplace pangs

In your article *Born in the Defence* (Dec. 30), the context in which your reference to the Registered Nurses Association of British Columbia is made could be, I feel, misleading to the public. In view of this possibility I must advise you that this association is opposed to the proposition that home births should be available as an alternative to hospital births. Our association takes this stand because the health-care system in this province does not provide the backup support services required for safe home deliveries.

MAUREN L. CARMACK  
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR, REGISTERED  
NURSES ASSOCIATION OF B.C.,  
VANCOUVER

### Bored of the rings

After reading Diane Francis' article on feminine hygiene commercials, I'm

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**Book for Three Master Days (Jan. 7)** I was amazed that the CBC and the Federated Women's Institutes of Ontario had the subtle implications of tampon commercials as offensive while tolerating the bawdy of soap and cleaning commercials that portray women as subliminally mindless fools. I consider the blatant sexism of "ring around the collar" identification to be more damaging to the minds of children, and the progress of women, than soft trash and ballerina masturbation is a natural process over which women should demonstrate as particular shame. Tolerance of the portrayal of women in "household" commercials, on the other hand, is shameful. It reinforces a sociological process which is determined to keep women blind to the pressures of their husbands and to bear for their lack of intellect and mobility to make such important decisions as "Which soap or soap should I buy?" This may be a classic lesser-of-two-evils situation. Frankly, but I'm not sure we want to throw my shoe through the tube, whereas these dirty rings of

ROBERT HAINES VANCOUVER

### An ounce of prevention

I was disturbed to read of steps being considered to tighten up Canada's current abortion laws (*Rowell/Innes From the Right*, Dec. 27). Canadian women have only recently been partly freed from the fear of unwanted pregnancy and the barbaric option of illegal abortion. Even now there are enormous disparities in the ease of access to legal and medical services for different classes and social groups of women. Nobody likes the idea of abortion, but rather than fight to put women back in the 19th-century style don't people work instead to inform the population of misconceptions, of which general ignorance is astounding.

GORDON ARNOLD, ENTERPRISE, 1987

### 'Maclean's' and 'Macleanes'

As the unofficial spokesman for thousands of bathtub readers, I wish to make a formal complaint. Each time I decide to have a long, leisurely early Sunday morning bath, I reach for my favorite magazine—Maclean's. I get everything in order, the bath water at just the right temperature, a good cup of coffee nearby and Maclean's at easy reach. After doing the necessary scrubbing I reach for Maclean's and what happens? I open it and "spit" into my hot water, fills a postcard advertisement some additional Maclean's subscriptions. I tell you, it's enough to drive you to dirt. Now, if the postcards were printed on water-thin soap...

FRED J. MELLEN, NEW IRISLAND, ALTA

Canada: Election 1980

Maclean's

## Dr. Strangelove on the stump

By Robert Lewis

Joe Clark seemed downright chipper in confiding that his trade Pierre Trudeau in the election. Liberal in-house moral gloom when their party president, Senator Al Graham, predicted a 150-seat majority government in the wake of two published polls last week. The leisure spectacle of politicians playing down their chances was

Trudeau seemed content in the showdown. He turned down a proposed television debate and kept reading speeches at his riverside. At week's end he did announce an energy strategy—reviving a 1974 campaign pledge to seek 50-per-cent Canadian ownership of the oil industry and proposing a blended price hike for crude. That would keep the price per barrel below the Conservatives' planned \$4, Trudeau said, but

Donald dismissed as "a last rag" the Clark image as "unfitting and weak."

The embattled Mr. renegade surprisingly combative. His inner fears and frustrations slipped out only once, in Vancouver, when, attacking Trudeau's policy death, he declared "Wait until after the 18th of February. Maybe he might tell you then."

In the matter of politics the emphasis of Week 6 was on losers and losers.



Joe and Margaret in Toronto: chipper under duress, Clark met with his friends

the last clue to the state of the race with three weeks to go. Trudeau, a kind of prize-coaster-in-hiding on issues, is pinned for a return to power after defeat just eight months ago. He has adopted Clark's strategy from the last campaign—when leading, keep the profile low. With Canadians more worried about war than politics, the gamble is working.

Clark sought to edge the focus to the vague liberal platform and Trudeau's 11 years is off by offering himself up as the "underdog." "They television commercials humiliated Trudeau as a man with no friends. 'We know,' says one insider, "if we can get Trudeau front and centre, people aren't going to like him."

"Getting a halfway, Liberals 12 per cent, PCs 18 and the NDP or CTV's money, Liberals 11, Conservatives 11, NDP 11."

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refused to specify the amount.

Liberals seem convinced that the election is the bag because in crucial Ontario swing seats, where governments are made and toppled, voters have turned off Clark. Yet conservatives are leaving voters suspect their glitch that tough times call for even resources but the connection is not being made with the Double Budget. Instead it comes in the baffling reaction, reported by one strategist, that "Joe Clark is a jerk." In attempting to fight the latest battle of images Clark had weak presented himself for a hoped-up endorsement from Premier Bill Davis and federal cabinet ministers began flooding Ontario to salvage their leader. Conservative Minister David Mac-

The Liberals proposed a \$35 monthly increase, costing \$570 million, for pensioners receiving the guaranteed income supplement. The Democrats offered a \$40 hike in the old age pension (\$750 million). Ed Broadbent took a dogged ride across Great Slave Lake from Yellowknife and left behind a proposal to spend \$55.4 million in northern fuel subsidies in Sydney, Nova Scotia. Trudeau turned out in old clothes of \$40 million to moderate the steel plant ("pennies in solving the dog-eared problems," mused disgruntled Grit incumbent Russell MacLellan). The PCs' Nova Scotia political boss, Elmer MacKay, countered with a \$45-million revamping scheme.

The real concern on voters' minds, however, was not cash but war. The U.S. confrontation with Moscow over Afghanistan has Canadian petting

WOLFEHURST/FEBRUARY 4, 1980



## Winnipeg-St. James: divided by the left, right and centre



By Susan Riley

Lane on the hustings: two candidates

Winnipeg may be near the geographical centre of Canada but politically it is all over the map. It stubbornly refuses to follow national trends, so it isn't surprising that, while the rest of the country wrestles with the relative dangers of a government led by Joe Clark, compared to one led by Pierre Trudeau, in the urban riding of Winnipeg-St. James there is a healthy, close-way race for Parliament—marked by hit-and-run voters.

Tory incumbent Bob Lane, 52-year-old owner of an insurance business, earned the nickname "No Show" Lane during the last campaign, owing to his peculiar aversion to public platforms. Indeed he still views at public life—most recently, the national coverage he scored when he urged Tories to fight Joe Clark alone with James at Liberville. His

friends say he is just shy, his enemies claim he is so uncertain of party policy that he is afraid to open his mouth. After last May's semi-disaster—when Lane flattered away a 3,000-vote Tory margin and just beat the New Democrats by 582 votes—many militants had sharp words for him, so this time he's preparing to be at "every meeting go" Lane—a disciple of maverick millionaire James Richardson's neo-Canada, one-lap-ago policy—taken has support from the comfortably middle-class, mostly WAMP west end of the riding. Nonetheless Lane is going into this race with two formidable Tories: Liberal incumbent, Lloyd Axworthy, who has won riding of Winnipeg-Fort Garry, but Mercer does have one professional organizer from the Liberal national office helping out.

"union-oriented radicals" who bounced the former candidate and have installed an "extreme left winger" in his place.

Cecil Keiper, the 38-year-old city councillor running for the seat, hardly lives up to Bob Lane's dark warnings. Miki-mannered and moderate, Keiper is surely the most genuine and thoughtful of the three candidates. His problem is that he isn't well known in the riding and that the provincial seat has a bad reputation in some quarters. Keiper, a Mitt, lived for a while with John and Elizabeth Schreyer as a teenager, when their 18-year-old son, Ed, was planning his first political campaign—a co-operative Keiper mentions in his campaign literature. Notwithstanding his early introduction to Prairie socialism, Keiper became a Liberal but left the party four years ago partly because "I never felt comfortable dressed as a Liberal." After an M.A. from Ottawa's Carleton University, Keiper worked for the Ottawa and Manitoba public service, then set up a program to train native people to act as counsellors for Winnipeg's oppressed and impoverished native population. Keiper has put his campaign into the hands of a political pro, Jim D'Arcy, former executive director of the provincial party. She is hoping to build on traditional NFP support in the inner-city Wellington area by making breakthroughs in the middle-income St. James area.

The Liberal candidate is Richard Mercer, a 35-year-old former radio announcer, driving-school operator, real estate salesman and brother of James's Tory attorney-general, Gerry Mercer. The Tories are calling Mercer an opportunist who is simply looking for a job, and he is retorting by documenting Bob Lane's nonparticipation in several parliamentary committee meetings last fall. However tentative Mercer's grasp of the issues may appear, he is clearly a "marketable" package with his radio-stationer roots and his easy way with a "right." Interestingly, Mercer isn't getting any help from Manitoba's most powerful Liberal, Lloyd Axworthy, who is using all available troops to win his own riding of Winnipeg-Fort Garry, but Mercer does have one professional organizer from the Liberal national office helping out.

There is a phenomenal political organization talk about known as "under-switch," which means voters shift in silent, subconscious ways from one political party to another in a gradual three-way dance. It makes a riding difficult to call and Winnipeg-St. James is apparently a textbook example. The only safe prediction is that Feb. 18 there will be two hats floating on the surface of Winnipeg's fast-moving political current—and one candidate will swim.

# GOING FOR BROKE

ELECTION 1980

## Wrestling for resources



By Robert Lewis

WESTERNHORE (CP)—Newfoundland Premier Brian Peckford arrived here today for meetings of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC) along with fellow premiers from Alberta, Saskatchewan and Yukon. The new price for oil—Peckford is holding out for \$32.85 per barrel—will be announced later this week. In Ottawa, the prime minister is attending by consent at the opening of the Petroleum Council sitting in the old Commons chamber.

He is real-life Brian Peckford, 37, buoyant, rusted and a main misbeliever, in back from a fling in the bush nursing rabbits and he sees nothing at all fanciful about such a go-for-broke energy-price scenario. Joe Clark has just left town, retreating his government's intention to grant Newfoundland ownership of off-shore oil and gas—that is, the right to set the price and regulate the flow. The Hibernia well, 190 miles southeast of St. John's, has the potential to produce at least 30,000 barrels a day of sweet crude from the seabed, according to Chevron Standard Ltd., operator in a consortium with Gulf Canada Ltd., Mobil Oil Canada Ltd., Columbia Gas Development Co. of Canada and Petro-Canada (see *Business*, page 34).

But Hibernia is more than just another pretty cag. For Newfoundlanders, it stands as a beacon lighting the way to petro-power in Canada's poorest province. Oil could bring new meaning to places like Happy Valley, Pegasus River and Black Tickle. Bay D'Espoir might be pronounced "De-spear" no longer. Hibernia points the way to a potential pot of \$15 billion from reserves estimated by Peckford at 600 million barrels of oil buried off 1,500 miles of craggy shore, better known before the find in September for red and as "Iceberg Alley." Peckford likes "the prospectiveness of the

"The rough estimate is that the oil reserves in St. John's are 600 million barrels of oil and gas. Peckford would report the province's 'most likely estimate' of 1.5 billion barrels (not 15 million) but of past—"if the new order of magnitude in the province reserves in the West coast section of the North Sea."

### Hiding Profile: Winnipeg-St. James

**Voters:** 41,080, city dwellers along both sides of Portage Avenue from the inner city through middle-class St. James to the pretty ghetto at Sturgeon Creek

**Candidates:** Bob Lane (P.C.—nominated by 863 votes in 1979)

Cecil Keiper (NFP)

Richard Mercer (L)

**History:** A new riding formed for 1979 transfer of a formerly Conservative riding and a corner of Stanley Knowles's perennial stronghold Winnipeg North. 1979 results: Bob Lane (P.C.) 52,640; Frank Syms (NFP) 11,747; Richard Mercer (L) 7,536.

**Outlook:** A three-way race with no clear leader emerging.

"while west" in the North Sea. Is a more expensive road laid full during an Alberta speech, he told a Prairie job. "With your resources, some day Calgary will become known as the St. John's of the West."

Through the glare from shimmering waters, Peckford compares visions of a new provincial power means in the land. "It's not different," embraces the former English teacher, "than John Diefenbaker and Douglas constructing Canada 35 years ago." What's no stronger about the shift of power in Canada? It's a whole new ball game.

Or, more appropriately, a tag-team wrestling match over resources—with Ottawa as the hapless referee. In simpler days, fish, fur, wheat and timber sold in international markets, bringing cash to Canada from the world. With oil and gas sold mainly in Canada, says Queen's University political scientist Richard Renshaw, "The conflict is direct, as the transfers flow from one group of Canadians to another." Douglas Hartle, economist at the University of Toronto, compares the tussle to a bitter settlement of a family estate. "With an intra-family war, the contest over shares in a zero-sum game. What one relative gets is at the expense of another." Upping the ante is the question of whether 35,000 people should wield the power to determine future energy supplies for the nation.

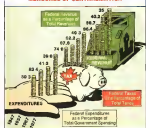
**H**internally, it has been Ottawa's lot to play no-ry in a redistribution and equalization of national wealth, strong "have" and "have-nots." Facing warring needs and demands, spearheaded by Quebec, for provincial autonomy, Ottawa gave over tax revenues and constitutional cash payments to provinces in the 1970s, the scene representing a kind of decentralization under (see charts).

In areas such as hospital and health care, as a result, provinces pursued their own priorities, producing an erosion in uniform national standards. In the field of resources, controlled by the provinces under the British North America Act, Ottawa has acted for political prudence hugging instead of unilateral action. New oil and gas revenues, ironically, mean that Ontario needs oil, as before, are used to make equalization payments to New Brunswick because Alberta gets richer.

Canada has entered the era of the province-builder as political star Peckford, a truck driver, Newfoundland-

2000: Department of Finance Statistics compiled by Richard Bird  
1980: John Roberts via Ontario Province from 1961 to 1971.

#### MEASURES OF CENTRALIZATION



Source: department of Finance Statistics compiled by Richard Bird

last, is only the latest example. He admits readily that he is a "misuse." Adds Peckford: "Need to Quebec, we're more different than any other. I see us being more ecologically, culturally, rather than politically or economically." Taking up "our own quiet revolution" and the drive for "a distinct society," Peckford follows the best prints of René Lévesque, who offers sovereignty-association to Quebec, and Claude Ryan, with de facto province status for all the provinces. In British Columbia, as Vancouver Liberal candidate Gordon Gibson puts it, "The confrontation of Quebecers in articulating their problems and aspirations has given us westerners the strength and motivation to articulate ours." In Saskatchewan, Allan Rockley asserts that "the national interest emerges only when we are talking about western resources or resource benefits." In the Yukon, citizens debate the merits of provincialhood and, by implication under a federal Treaty government, control of oil-shale and gas. In Alberta, Peter Lougheed, the day of the \$6-billion Heritage Savings Trust Fund, knows who speaks for Canada: "We all do."

At the centre, Clark wants the new alignment to "be a normality of consensus." He advanced off-shore ownership of resources for all coastal provinces convinced that "the extent to which all provinces have the economic means to exercise their powers will determine their ability to pursue their different social and economic goals."

Since the call of the unexpected election, Clark has stated that note. But he also has played down a confrontation with Peckford over who controls the fishing off Newfoundland. Peckford insists that foreign and non-Newfoundland fishermen should be prohibited from taking northern cod and marine life. He wants to share in constitutional authority with Newfoundland for fish. As the dispute escalated into a nasty public dust before the campaign, federal Fisheries Minister Jim McNeill, also a Newfoundland, indicated on the federal promise—otherwise, "I'll have to be a referee for five competing provinces." Interestingly, Nova Scotia Premier John Buchanan, while supporting Clark's off-shore resource ownership pledge, sides McNeill on fish. Trudeau, meanwhile, has been silent on his latest theories about federalism.

The loudest dissenting voice, one of obvious self-interest, comes from Ontario in the not-so-golden centre. "Petrol-industry, not constitutional lawyers," warns provincial Treasurer Frank Miller, "are rewriting our constitution." But even Ontario supports the climate by advocating energy self-sufficiency—for the province.

At the grassroots, far removed from heavy debates about the distribution of powers, there is a revived sense of regionalism, at times steadily bereft of history. In Ontario, common grace short shift to western complaints about St. John's A's national policy which built the industrial heartland, making sense that they were paying higher prices for western oil and gas before even fuelled the Alberta boom.

In the West, many citizens have forgotten the days when Alberta was a non-beneficiary of national wealth-sharing such Dyck, a strong representative in Tony Darrall, Alta.,

\$15 miles northwest of Edmonton, insists. "When Ontario had a lot of industry, there were never any statements to share with the rest of us. They never helped." Calgary MP Harvey Andre reflects that sentiment. "I don't think there ever was a flow this way, except during the Depression in old clothes." The view has spread to some quarters in Newfoundland. In the bleak coastal community of Wabana, a retired fisherman talks an inquiring Quebec Herald columnist Pat McMahon. "Maybe we're both better off just doing what's best for ourselves and to hell with what the other fellow thinks."

Yet quantitative differences remain between the two provinces. In Leagueside's domain, unemployment is 32 per cent, per capita provincial debt is \$1,168, there is no sales tax and this year's 19th anniversary party will cost a whopping \$10 million. In Newfoundland, unemployment averages 30 per cent in some places, the debt is \$4,580 per head, sales tax is 11 per cent and public facilities like schools, hospitals and roads are the worst in the country.

There is little to granty Peckford's goal of using oil wealth to break "the present self-defeating cycle of federal make-work programs and other handouts that amount for half of provincial revenues. But is Peckford a latent blue-eyed shark? "We're not talking about hoarding our oil and gas any more than Ontario has hoarded nickel or Alberta has hoarded oil and gas," says the punkish premier in more typical earthy fashion, a government official adds. "Hell, we don't even have a pot to piss in down here and already people are calling us greedy."

One reason may be Peckford's relentless pursuit of off-shore ownership and sweeping regulations already as the books which companies are observing Under provincial law, Peckford can decide when and how fast oil will flow and require jobs and purchasing to go to Newfoundlanders first when it is warranted. His agreement with Clark flies into the face of the 1982 Supreme Court decision in British Columbia giving resources on the continental shelf to Canada. Peckford's irrefragable boosterism of the Newfoundland cause, which forced Clark to disavow any new commitments during a visit to St. John's this month, also obscures the fact that he has already agreed to a principle "as the basis for the very detailed consultation and negotiations."

Among the hurdles remaining, is say nothing of Clark's uncertain electoral fate, are a constitutional amendment on ownership for coastal provinces, agreement on boundaries among four Atlantic provinces, affirmation of provincial authority for international trade relations, ratification and the enhancement, resolution of conflicting federal and provincial drilling permits. It's not so simple as they made it sound in the summer.

If a Liberal government is elected, chances are that the pledge of off-shore ownership will be scrapped—although so far the Liberals have been masters of Sledge Hammer's last Monday asked Pierre Trudeau's office if he would support off-shore ownership by province, but there was no reply. Clark's and the policy position shifted with other first province's House leader Allan Rockley declared that "all



Source: department of Finance Statistics compiled by Richard Bird

the economic benefits, certainly in the early stages of development, should go to the province. The question of ownership is a more difficult one." Newfoundland Liberal leader (Don Johnston, a member of the national campaign committee, said "maximum benefits" and "maximum" over social impact should be the province "whatever the housing and constitutional negotiations." He had "no quarrel" with Newfoundland's right to set the pace and regulate the flow of oil and gas—key elements of ownership. Bill Campbell, Liberal incumbent-candidate in Grand Falls-White Bay-Labrador, said Newfoundland should get 100 per cent of royalties—the same as Alberta's province now—"until such time as we become a 'have' province." As for granting drilling permits, "you can't get too far into the specifics of it." The NDP endorsed Clark's ownership proposal, insisting that Newfoundland play the leading role instead of realising local companies. But getting there, confuses the party's only Newfoundland MP, Pense Pense, meant overcoming "some concern about creating another Alberta."

That the companies tend to prosper on the land—how the top executives of oil firms in 1982 federal politicians, if not federalism itself, are dipping under a wave of province power. Whirlpool is the main result, as Clark discovered when he started negotiating new oil and gas prices earlier even and had to go along with Lougheed's revenue-reversing scheme.

**T**he same tide was running in 1977 when the Trudeau government ended shared-cost funding for hospital insurance and medicine under the Established Programs Financing Act. Until then, Ottawa covered roughly half of the spending through conditional grants earmarked for hospitals and medicine. In the change, the feds lowered provincial and corporate taxes to allow provinces to increase their rates by the same amount and provided additional no-strings-attached cash payments. There were two main reasons. Ottawa feared that the old 50-cent dollars amounted to a license in the regions to spend more at a time of soaring deficits and the provinces were stressing that Ottawa-Central was distorting their priorities with the federal money autonomy.

The results of Trudeau's decision are just now peering in—and the preliminary indications are that the provinces have been turning federal budgetary points into spending on

highways and other good works unrelated to health. In the past four years, Quebec's health care, the percentage of Ottawa's contributions toward provincial health insurance and medicare in 18 provinces and the two territories has increased from 50 to 66 per cent (from \$3.3 billion to \$5.1 billion). At the same time, health spending as a percentage of provincial budgets is down.

The direct impact on patients is the proliferation of extra charges—Ontario, Alberta, British Columbia and the Yukon impose extra premiums for health care—and an increase in the number of doctors opting out of medicare. In Ontario, where physicians claim the province has stifled them on fee increases, 18 per cent of doctors are billing patients directly above the going rates and some towns have no MDs in medicare. In P.E.I., almost half of the doctors have opted out. Many doctors have left Canada: 963 in 1976, versus 263 who immigrated (compared with 282 who left in 1974 and 1,890 who arrived).

All of this raises the question of whether use of medicare's key principles—accessible services without user charges—is being violated and, more broadly, whether Canada even has a true national health plan anymore. Ed Broadbent, the only party leader to address the issue so far, thinks not. He has called for an end to special premiums and says funds should be cut off to provinces that allow doctors to charge more than negotiated fee schedules while billing through medicare plans.

The fate of medicare is also the central issue currently being examined by former Supreme Court judge Emmett Hall, in a review ordered in September by Health Minister David Crombie. Crombie says that while provinces have been acting within the law, the federal government should reassert control of medicare if Hall so urges. Ironically, this election of non-issues has forced Hall to delay public hearings until after February—when Canada may just elect its next government. ☐

## The question is quality of life

Newfoundland Premier Brian Peckford was back from a short winter holiday in his district and played right into a mainstream. Two days after meeting with Joe Clark he was trying to cool out accounts of a left-over oil-sham resources. He cleared a long cabinet meeting and prepared for a 75-minute speech in between. He sat down for an interview in his St. John's office with Maclean's Ottawa Bureau Chief Robert Lewis. Upstream on Peckford's mind was Alberta Liberal leader Nick Taylor's charge that for Newfoundlanders it "will only be a matter of time before they are able to finance their way out of Confederation. It separates them from Confederation." Highlights:

**Peckford:** Taylor doesn't understand Newfoundland. We are a proud people and now we have an opportunity to participate in a meaningful way in Confederation. We're come of age. There's been a sort of revolution between the years and we recognize that, only now, always thinking that somebody elsewhere was better than we were is just not true. I sort of personally the generation of Newfoundlanders that has really grown up since Confederation and which has the confidence that there's nothing inherently wrong with Newfoundlanders as opposed to any other human being.

**Maclean's:** What, 10 years down the road, is this place going to be like?

**Peckford:** Even with Hibernia and nothing else, a lot of things are going to change around in the eastern part of the island. It has all kinds of mixed blessings. One thing that's been high on the minds of Newfoundlanders is the whole question of quality of life, and whether all this great boom is really worth it. If our regulations

apply, we can control the rate of development.

**Maclean's:** By limiting production?

**Peckford:** Exactly. If there is no control over it at all, then there will be a mass influx of individuals in the immediate area—Americans and people from Alberta and the North Sea—coming here to make the fast buck.

**Maclean's:** What will you do with the oil revenues?

**Peckford:** Two things: stabilize our debt and reduce it, secondly, we would use revenues as a lever to properly develop our renewable resources—the fishery and the forest. Fish is the answer to Newfoundland. Everything else is built on top of that.

**Maclean's:** Do you have a mission?

**Peckford:** My mission has always been to establish within Confederation a strong provincial government based on a fair share of our resources. I'm involved in public life and politics to

try to improve and enhance the standard of living of Newfoundlanders. In order to bring that about, we must have not drastic change but significant changes in the power structure in this country to allow us to develop the fishery and our off-shore resources. To us doing, Newfoundland becomes better off and, therefore, less assimilation has to come here and it can go somewhere else and help that part of Canada.

**Maclean's:** Are there benefits to non-producing provinces, particularly Ontario and Quebec?

**Peckford:** We would have to go through the central government. They would demand, obviously, some of the oil for Ontario and Quebec. We're always agreed with that. We'll try to have a North American energy strategy. I had no conflict between provincial ownership and a call on our resources for the Canadian good. I wouldn't mind seeing that written in something.

Peckford, controlling the fast-buck article



To  
All of you,  
our  
Thanks

To our private investment customers our clients in commerce and industry and those in government, corporations and institutions; and most especially to our employees, past and present across Canada, in New York, in London in Paris and in Tokyo, our very sincere thanks for helping to make it possible for us to be celebrating our 75th year of service to the investment community.

WOOD  
GUNDY

75th



## Ontario

### Up goes the price of spice

**T**he once-bourgeois eatery at Toronto's New Elbow Hotel is starting to look like a hot spot. As exotic dancer Diana Michaels pools off her leopard-print bikini to reveal a leopard-print G-string, one patron hosts his hourly approval. Places like that, where the jukebox often suffers for a band and the only dressing room is the manager's office, can make a stripper's life a genuine grind. But, true to form, Toronto's Good has plans to make life for the owners of such establishments an equal headache. Starting this Friday, an establishment that employs strippers or topless dancers will have to pay as much as \$1,000 to have its dancers themselves will be required to ante up \$25 a year in order to ply their trade.

For the politicians, it is a can't-lose proposition. "It's motherhood," says Paul Schrieder, lawyer for the Ontario Tavern Owners' Action Group. "Who's going to get her butt supporting a thing like this?" For tavern owners crying foul, the fee—equal to that payable by body-piercing parlors—is in their pockets, for some a death sentence.

Michael, 35, president of the Canadian Association of Burlesque Enter-

tainers (CAEB), an affiliate of the 23-million-member Canadian Labor Congress, regards the heavy levy as both a curse and a blessing. The dancers fear that the fee will mean lost jobs due to shutdowns, or lead to owners' demands for sexually explicit acts to draw pricier crowds. Still, the six-year strip-taste veterans rejoice. "This business needs to be controlled. If it were, it would stop offending the community and stop offending the people who work in it." However, the new bylaw does not regulate, in any way, the dancers' perform-ances. Michael and her colleagues were trying to combat unsanitary working conditions, poor pay and harassment by owners pushing for rancorous (sometimes illegal) acts when they formed their association last March. Today, it represents about one-fifth of an estimated 500 exotic dancers (including approximately 50 male strippers) in Toronto. "The Tamenites offered to represent us and help us improve if we'd do things for free," Michael says. "We told them to stuff it and stick them with the bill for lunch."

On April 22, when the tavern owners met Metro Toronto's legislation committee to present their case against the bylaw, came will be there to ask for protection against some of the unwary owners. CAEB would also like the license fee adjusted to fit the size of a tavern. But it may be too late. The committee has already delayed the owners' request. For a delay on the bylaw until the April

## Many Taverns: curse or blessing?

22 meeting, and the 1993 fee is due in September. There is also talk of prohibiting bars in residential areas from employing strippers, as well as limiting the number of licenses, which would cut out many of Metro Toronto's tavern owners who employ strippers and dancers. "They're imposing one stratagem of society from enjoying the entertainment they want," says lawyer Schrieder. "By meddling the bylaw on the body-piercing law," says Michael, "they're calling us whores. People forget that in the art of strip-tease, the focus is the most important thing." Cheryl Hawkins

## Saskatchewan

### How to decrease your word power

**I**t was a case of freedom of the press, plain and simple, figured Ralph Thompson, editor of Saskatchewan's *The Times*. When he was threatened and bullied by two local senior hockey players, all his journalistic instincts, honed from 29 years in the business, told him he couldn't allow the incident to pass unreported. Three days later, in the Jan. 18 edition of the south Saskatchewan weekly tabloid, a running 125-point (1½ inches) gutter headline shouted **EDITOR ATTACKED**. Even a story basking Pierre Trudeau's visit to the region was downplayed as Thompson wrote, with storybook detail, how he had been outmaneuvered by the two hockey players in the press box at the town arena while covering a Junior B hockey game. According to the account, one player crushed Thompson's expensive package and warned, "That's what happens to people who don't co-operate." Before the threats were finished, Thompson said he was shocked and pained and told, "Get out of town. Go back to Ontario."

"I didn't have any choice but to go big with the story," explains Thompson, 48, former editor of the defunct *Edmonton Weekly Newsworld*. "I've never heard of this sort of thing happening before in Canada, and if you let it go you'll end up with editors being beaten up every second week."

The confrontation was actually a symptom of the anger many in the farming community of 3,000 feel toward Thompson. After taking the job as editor last September, Thompson quickly built a reputation as a critical and unflinching reporter. Nothing from the local nursing home to the Chamber of

Commerce, escaped his scathing typewriter. Before his arrival, *The Times* had been a staid and honey newspaper, filled almost exclusively with tame local and district news, but it was thoroughly jangled up under Thompson's leadership. It also attracted new readers: the circulation rising to 4,550 from 3,100. However, the editor's incessant bawling about the apathy of town council and just about everyone else in the tightly knit community eventually began to irritate the usually staid townfolk. The media didn't go down any easier, either, coming from a guy newly arrived from southern Ontario.

"If my students wrote materials like some of the ones he did, I would think they were mad," says Edlyn Kassin, an English teacher at a nearby high school. "I feel he made a lot of comments without properly researching the topics." Kassin once became so perturbed that she wrote a letter to the editor reminding Thompson, "There are many roads leading out of Assiniboia." But Mayor Glabe Tremblay isn't so kind as Thompson. He says only a minority in the small but affluent town have been against the editor "in a way he created a lot of action."

Thompson, however, had already de-

Thompson and *The Times'* front page  
hopping on the garbage and tumbleweeds

**THE TIMES**  
**EDITOR**  
**ATTACKED**  
Senior hockey players, Jerry Tackley,  
Ira Robinson, smash Editor



ided to take the advice of his critics, and in an editorial in the same edition that carried the incident with the hockey players he announced he was leaving town and going to London, Ont. "Many people don't want somebody coming here from Ontario telling them what's wrong with Assiniboia," he says, "and the attitude is not something that will change in the next 100 years." Thompson had planned to end the stormy relationship June 30, but the date was bumped ahead to the end of February because, as publisher Ted Sharp explains, there have been threats

against his deputy editor. "In a lot of ways I hate to see him go," comments Sharp. "After all, he was quotable." But Sharp agrees that he also would have preferred that his new editor "come it down just a bit."

Before he bade farewell, Thompson did show deep down that he is still a bit snuffy. When the two hockey players apologized to Thompson the day after the paper came out, he dropped any plans of pressing charges. "Actually, they are a couple of good guys who just got a little carried away," he says.

Dale Eiker

**Dewar's**  
always a  
good year.

Scotch Whisky with  
consistent good taste.  
Dewar's... "it never varies."



The Dewar's Foundation

# Jimmy on the jump

By Ian Unruh

**W**hen Jimmy Carter boomed during a state-of-the-art race in Maryland last summer, the metaphor was too apt for the media to resist. The president was near the end of a disastrous summer of cabinet and slogan shuffling which had served only to undermine further his declining credibility. Moreover, just off center stage, here on 1600s that showed he would demolish Carter, an ex-lieutenant Edward Kennedy was hunting broadly that he would challenge for the Democratic presidential nomination.

Barely four months later, Carter is still juggling (four miles a day) and is a new spring in his step. Last week he demolished Kennedy in the Iowa caucuses, the first stage in his long campaign for re-election, and followed up with a State of the Union address that won widespread applause.

With the New Hampshire primary next on the political calendar (see box), Carter has the momentum to beat Kennedy in his own backyard and knock him right out of the race. It has been one of the most remarkable turnarounds in American presidential politics, surpassing even President Franklin Roosevelt's upswing in popularity after Pearl Harbor, according to Gallup.

The explanations were easy to find. Carter had his own Pearl Harbor last Nov. 4, when Iranian students took the American embassy in Tehran and held its personal hostages. As in past crises, the American people rallied behind their president. Then, just when public opinion over the Iranian students was waning, that, the Soviet Union came to Carter's rescue with his Christmas Day invasion of Afghanistan.

Carter used the events to maximum advantage without actually campaigning in Iowa. Vice-President Walter Mondale, on the stump, was arguing that it was unparliamentary to criticize the president, and television ads showed a grim-faced Carter seated before a map of the world while a narrator



Carter delivers his State of the Union address: a clear message to the world

said, "On Monday night, Iowa will send a clear signal to the rest of the world. Do we or do we not support the president?" They did—by about 2 to 1—and Carter carried 58 of Iowa's 99 counties, including heavily Catholic Dubuque and more-dominant Waterloo, supposedly strongholds for the Massachusetts senator.

Kennedy contributed to his own defeat with a lackluster campaign which left people wondering whether his heart was really in it. His scuffling style has become a national joke ("A verb, senator, we need a verb," shouted a reporter in a *Doonesbury* comic strip last week). But beyond that, he has yet to explain why he is challenging a president with whom he has been so closely aligned on the issues (a Congressional Quarterly survey showed that Kennedy voted against the president proportionately less than any other senator last year). Kennedy has been reduced to grumbling about a "lack of leadership" and has been charged by *Chicago* magazine last week with being "a lack of leadership." Finally, the magic of the Kennedy name has proven a handicap as voters compare this Carter to their rusty memories of his slain brothers and find him wanting.

Carter's cool handling of the crisis abroad has certainly punctured the "leadership" issue. Last week's address to Congress (and a nationwide television audience) was a masterful display of talking tough without wincing or

Carter warned the Soviets to keep their hands off the Persian Gulf or else, but held out hope for eventual reconciliation. He called for registration of all able-bodied men (and maybe women) aged 18 to 26, but stopped short of bringing back the draft. And he pro-

## The winner who aims to take all

**I**t was snowing hard when George Bush landed in New Hampshire last week, hard enough to make it difficult for his cheerleaders. Later he got to the first terminal at Keene airport. But the men who supported him by delivering Florida (Kenney in the Iowa caucuses, then becoming the runner for the Republican presidential nomination) had no trouble getting supporters to come out to listen to him.

In the white House White House, Bush emphasized his age (55 to Reagan's 66) and his physical fitness—he runs three miles almost every day. He told the New Englanders that he was tough enough to keep up with a hard campaign schedule, implying that others like Reagan might not be able to do so. Certainly he looked relaxed and healthy despite a late night following the reform show, and the news said gold enough to take up the weekend campaign (though by week's end, with 46 per cent of the votes counted, he margin behind Bush, and Reagan had narrowed from 50 to 26 per cent).

Television campaigning seemed to have

posed more spending on weapons without giving up on arms-control treaties. For most Americans, weary at the Soviets but jittery about a return to the Cold War, the speech struck just the right note.

Carter still has a lot of ground to cover, however. A shift in public attitude from foreign crises to economic domestic problems—inflation, de-industrialization and energy—would be troublesome. In these areas, he had little new to offer in his State of the Union address. And for the moment anyway, Kennedy is still in the ring, awaiting appointments late last week in order to prepare a "major policy statement" for this week.

Even Kennedy is not the final obstacle, however. Carter still has to contend with California Governor Jerry Brown, the only presidential candidate to criticize his State of the Union address for being too tough. And after the Democratic nomination, Carter must face the Republican candidate, possibly former CIA director George Bush, who may turn out to be a much tougher opponent than Reagan. But for now the 1980 presidential marathon must look like a warm-up run to Jonnie Carter. ☐



Triumphant Bush sticking with what works

made the difference in Iowa and Bush's well-organized staff may try it with 46 per cent of the votes counted. But margin behind Bush, and Reagan had narrowed from 50 to 26 per cent.

## What goes up must come down

**W**hen tests of the Cruise missile, linchpin of a coming generation of U.S. nuclear weapons, began over California, Nevada and Utah, the Pentagon declared it would aim for "maximum operational realism." Last week, fearful southwesterners were angrily begging the U.S. Air Force brass to take reason for further. So far, eight out of 10 flights of President Jimmy Carter's out-price substitute for the B-1 bomber have ended in crashes—two alarmingly close to populated areas. The most recent was Jan. 22, when an unarmed Cruise splintered itself over a Nevada mountain 30 miles from the town of Wendover.

Too close for comfort? No, says the Pentagon; despite worried protests from a score of politicians and newspapers, the tests must go on. The latest addition to America's nuclear arsenal is "vital to Western defense." Nor is the program (probably cost to the taxpayer \$1 billion) in serious trouble. "We wouldn't need tests," says Steve Adre-

nal Walker Locke, Pentagon program chief. "If we didn't expect failures."

In fact what the Pentagon is conducting is what it secretly calls a "fly-off"—that's sort of like your average church social "bake-off" except that the contestants are the Boeing Company and General Dynamics Corporation, who are

days it took and other Republicans—John Connally, Phil Crane and John Anderson—also worked hard, though to even less avail. They may not outlast the snowing process of the spring.

The voters responded in kind. As many as 100,000 registered Republicans turned out, far less the number that voted in 1976. It may have been due to the extraordinary media coverage but it also showed that the candidates' good organization paid off. Except of course in the case of Ronald Reagan, is one of its well-known, spirited supporters, the *Minuteman* (New Hampshire) Linus Letter showed that Reagan had been "surrounded" by his campaign director John Sears. But voters may also have been punishing Reagan's much-publicized absence from the Republican candidates' debate and his last week he stiffly refused to accept the damage and loss of office for the New Hampshire primary on Feb. 28.

Bush was under no illusion that he would have as easy a time as his 1960 supporters had thought it more probable that he had been underestimated than that Reagan had been overestimated. But he added that if he won this time there would be "no stopping me."

Whether it's his handsome, healthy ap-

pearance or his proven warrior, something is working for Bush. He filed school gymnasium Grandeur at Governor's balls and restaurants at great lengths all round the state last week. His standard speech started slowly with his plot to bust the back of inflation. But he drew a quick response on foreign policy, citing his experience as director of the CIA, U.S. ambassador to the United Nations and liaison chief in Peking. He wouldn't make the same mistakes as Jimmy Carter, he said.

The Bush voters provided the pundits with material for endless analyses. But not all favored his likely chances. As the respected Washington *Star* team of conservative Jack Germond and Jules Witcover, warned—before now he was the David who took on Goliath. But the rules changed the moment it became clear he had won. He is now inevitably the candidate who must meet high expectations in New Hampshire and elsewhere.

There was an awkward reminder of old times last at Keene State College. During question time, one freshman-faced young man began his query "U.S. Ambassador Cook." "What about the candidate?" The name is not, he had an O problem, but I think that's getting better.

Colleen Fox



building for \$2-million worth of concrete to build a fleet of 3,400 Crazes.

The music itself is actually a composite, air-lifted, plotless jumble on the lines of Hitler's Second World War V-2 "buzz bomb"—but guided by an infinitely more complex computer, and with a ferocious sting in its nose: a nuclear warhead 20 times more devastating than the Hiroshima bomb.

In the current tests the missile is dropped from a piston B-52 bomber high over the Pacific. Its engine fires, its stubby wings pop out and off it surges, at just above tree-top height, over the California coast around the backside of the vast Los Angeles basin, across main roads and rail arteries, through Nevada and into a bad range at Daguerre, Utah. Twice in four recent weeks, however, errant missiles have come close to exciting disaster. One slammed into ranch-dweller hills near Lompoc, next door to the USAF's Vandenberg base (from which all the country's spy satellites are fired), striking less than a mile from much-travelled State Highway 1. The other hurtled into Los Padres National Forest, starting a forest fire just 12 miles from Ojai, a picturesque town near Vandenberg which hosts a major music festival. Both were some 300 miles off target.

"It's like we had a big contest out in the noon pointed at us," says Lompoc Mayor Charles Ward. "People are scared." The Los Angeles Times has reported that the USAF "point the Crazes in the other direction." It has a cartoon showing screaming civilians waving a white flag at a descending missile as they scream, "We surrender!"

The air force says each Crazie is pursued by two Phantom F-4 jets which are, officially, able to sense electronic control of the missile. In recent tests at Lompoc and Ojai, the only jet to well aware, this system is not foolproof. Why have the rival aerospace firms had so many downings—four each? Boeing says its first crash was the result of taking an experimental weapon to climb high above a mountain. Others say it blames an faulty government-supplied equipment. General Dynamics admits to failures in its guidance system and computer "hardware" in all four cases. Only days before the most recent test, both firms mounted all problems had been corrected.

Meanwhile Californians never know when the next blast may fall. Tearing of the tests as "classified information" and Washington is putting the screws on local politicians not to comment a program that will bring tens of thousands of jobs to the area. If the test is allowed, it must take the risk, too. "Yes, I worry," says a rancher's wife near Lompoc. "But if I was a Russian, I don't think I'd be too concerned." **William Seftle**

## World

# A quagmire of a different sort

While President Jimmy Carter was telling tough to Congress and in the state words of Maoist "playing the China card" by offering military aid to Peking, the Soviet Union last week methodically tightened its grip on Afghanistan. There, any talk of parallels with Vietnam seemed increasingly inappropriate, as *Marshall's* correspondent Jon Meckler reports from Kabul.

D epressingly, the past four weeks have been characterized by setbacks. The Soviet position, that their troops were sent by the majority of the revolutionary council, who ousted former president Hafizullah Amin, cannot be reconciled with the latest Afghan government claim that the Soviets intended that they get word of a plot by Amin to oust all Soviet advisers and make a deal with the Islamic rebels. The Soviet claim that their presence here consists of a "limited military contingent" is belied by the visible presence of an entire Soviet army equipped to fight a full-scale



Photo by AP/Wide World

## Hush, Hush, Sweet Angel

T he operation had not been written all over it. There was nothing to arouse the suspicion of the gray-haired socialist as he left his Moscow apartment for the weekly Tuesday session at the Assembly of Soviets. But last week, as he sat in his seat at the desk, a uniformed officer came to him. Ordered into another room, Andrei Sakharov was whisked to the office of a state prosecutor where, after being stripped of his state honors, he was sentenced to internal exile. Two hours later with little only to scratch a few belongings Sakharov and his wife, Yelena, Donner became a part of the provincial town of Gorky 352 miles east of Moscow. There, at the prosecutor's office, they would be at the disposal of all it. They would be out of contact with outsiders.

Phone lines in the Sakharov neighborhood had mysteriously been cut. But word nevertheless reached the foreign reporters who had as often attended the events. Sakharov's critical briefings on Soviet policy (the latest of which had been a call for a boycott of the Moscow Olympics) and

international reaction followed swiftly. In France, an emotional outbreak turned the act a disturbing sign. In Britain the Soviet ambassador was called to the foreign ministry for a dressing-down. And from the Hague in Rome, government spokesman accused the Soviet in Washington. While House speaker J. P. Jones called the act "a blow to the aspirations of all mankind to establish respect for human rights." In fact, as Western observers in Moscow were quick to point out, the move was probably designed at least partly to sap at President Jimmy Carter—an outspoken human rights supporter—for his reactions to the invasion of Afghanistan. As well, the Kremlin was at least standing at a new low, anyway, no doubt, deemed the normal procedure to silence Sakharov before the Olympics.

The blow was just heralded, however, by the decisive movement. Sakharov 56, whose shy manner belied his impact on world opinion, served as the main conduit to the West for news of political events and other forms of protest. And lately, the Soviet authorities had kept him especially busy, limiting 43 dissidents in the past six months. Most of these and the 300 dissidents already jailed or confined in labor



Sakharov, standing a fallen angel

dispute and psychiatric wards for crimes ranging from criticizing the state to giving children religious instruction.

For as part the Kremlin saw Sakharov as somewhat of a fallen angel. The son of a

Moscow physicist (whose main claim to fame, however, was his appointment to the Soviet Academy of Sciences at 32 and his development of the Soviet hydrogen bomb) at the time he left the work would teach a balance of power. But disillusionment followed and in 1968 he published his explosive essay, *Progress, Coexistence and Intellectual Freedom*. In it he argued that only a convergence of the capitalist West and the socialist East could save mankind. Thereafter he published articles, speeches, giving him the Nobel Peace Prize in 1975.

But last week in a quiet, low-room Gorky apartment, Sakharov was effectively cut off from his contacts and while Soviet officials released the pressure somewhat by announcing that there would be no further charges, they heightened the screws in another direction. Andrei Tikhonov, now Annals International Moscow secretary who spent packing off to live in Vienna. And the shrewd, taciturn commander could draw little comfort from Sakharov's statement earlier this year: "Every time the government engineers one of our leaders there are two more waiting in the wings."

**James Fanning**  
with correspondents' files

Alghan troops (left) posing. Soviet troops (right) in Afghan dogs

land and air war if necessary. The United States state department and the embassy in Kabul have added to the confusion by making dangerous information about the numbers of Soviet troops killed and the effectiveness of the rebels. Now have consequences been able to find most of the 600,000 refugees that, according to the state department, fled to Pakistan.

Amidst this confusion, the crucial question is the ability of the Afghan army to operate effectively. If it cannot do so the Soviets will eventually be brought directly into the fighting, with terrible consequences for the Afghan people.

Two incidents illustrate the contrast between the Afghan and the Soviet armies. At the bend of the Lagar Valley, southwest of Kabul, other correspondents and I came across Afghan troops in a Soviet T-55 tank guarding a strategic mountain pass. Two French photographers easily persuaded them to pose holding an Intercontinental Hotel cardboard lunch box containing a few choice sandwiches which they had presented to them. Three other Afghan soldiers who were eating food indicated that they too wanted to be photographed. One shouted and pointed to himself. A second stood in mock salute. The third stood on his head in the snow.

Later we came across Soviet tanks dug in by the roadside on the edge of Kabul. As photographers began taking pictures through the bus windows a tank commander dressed in black shouted at two soldiers. With unwilling but correct efficiency they stopped the bus, searched it, took the film from the cameras, and then the commander had telephoned for further instructions, brusquely ordered us on our way. Throughout, a Soviet soldier with a Kalashnikov assault rifle barrelled the road ahead and a machine-gunner on the tank kept his gun as firmly in his hands.

There is an unending quality about the Soviet soldiers as they stay there in the snow night after night like faithful dogs, their alertness apparently undulled by boredom. Unlike the Americans in Vietnam, the Soviet troops have not surrounded themselves with creature comforts. The Americans went to war with Coca-Cola, chocolate ice cream and transistor radio. They were allowed to radiograph their girls back home direct from the front. The Soviets live in the snow, in rock and in the snow and sleep in the snow. They feed on hard biscuits, cans of fish oil and raw fat. They receive no pay with which to buy extras. Yet they appear





lean, fit and glowing with health.

They inspire a certain trepidation, even in the most experienced of war correspondents. As one veteran French television cameraman said, when describing how so all the differences between Afghan and Soviet soldiers: "When my film is shaky, that's the Russians."

In fact, rather than Vietnamese, Czechoslovak 1968 seems like a better parallel. In Czechoslovakia the Soviets moved in great strength to establish total military control, as they have in Afghanistan. They then quickly withdrew to the forests and mountains from where they could continue to pull the strings without being too visible to the local population.

The Soviet troops know they are unpopular with the Afghans. But unlike the Americans in Vietnam they do not care. Their attitude toward the Afghans ranges from indifference to contempt. There is no Soviet equivalent of the "hearts and minds" program. When the Soviets are urged at they fire back ruthlessly and indifferently. There will be no Afghan equivalent of My Lai (after which American troops were found guilty of massacring villagers), because nobody except the victims will ever know what the Soviets are doing in the inaccessible mountain villages.

Finally, unlike the Americans in Vietnam, the Soviet army is operating in a country antagonistic to its homeland. Supply lines are short. The route north to the Soviet border is being kept open even in snow-covered, and the big blue and white Airway military transports which take off and land in a continuous procession during good weather are less than two hours flying time from Tashkent.

Soviet boxmen outside Kabul: survival

It may be that the weather is preventing the contestants from getting to grips and that fighting may thus be the spring. At the moment the main preoccupation of the soldiers appears to be survival against the cold. This is a country where most of the population spends nine months preparing for winter. But it would be a mistake to presume that there will be anything more than inter-mittent, although deadly, attempts to break the Soviet stranglehold—or that these will be met with anything but a matching ferocity and overwhelming force. ☐

## El Salvador

### A bloody march for change

Even before the march began, war-tired shopkeepers were refusing to open for business and bus services were halted. And as the 100,000 chanting, anti-government marchers made their way past San Salvador's National Palace last week, their fears of violence were borne out. From vantage points in the palace and at least five places along the 20-kilometer procession, snipers opened fire, scattering the marchers and leaving as many as 30 dead and 30 wounded. While the identity of the marchers remained disputed at week's end—the National Guard claimed their personnel had been ordered to harass—it was certain that the confrontation had moved the tiny Central American country noticeably closer to a Nicaraguan-style civil war.

Indeed, the protesters, representing a coalition of anti-government groups, called the march to send a clear message to the ruling junta: drastic economic and political reforms were long overdue. That was a sentiment shared by the majority of Salvadorans whose grievances had accumulated ever since 1972 when the presidential elections were blatantly rigged by the military, while the people's chosen and obvious winner, José Duarte, leader of the Christian Democrats, was beaten up and deported. In the following years the military rulers did nothing to meet peasant demands for economic reform. Wealth remained concentrated in the hands of a few hundred families—two per cent of the population of four million owns 60 per cent of the land—unemployment hovered at around 30 per cent and disease and illiteracy remained endemic. By 1977, when presidential elections took over as president, militant peasant-worker coalitions (the largest, the Popular Revolutionary Force, grew to command the support of 70,000 teachers, peasants and workers) were in almost daily confrontation with the authorities.

To forestall the possibility of an apparently imminent popular uprising, a group of army officers, with a nudge from the U.S. state department, ousted Romero last October and replaced him with a mixed military-civilian junta that promised early democratic elections, freedom for political parties and unions and respect for human rights. As a result the junta gained the guarded support of most opposition groups.

But as the weeks passed reforms were not forthcoming and the consensus of the National Guard continued, in one in-

San Salvador executive: rightist adamant



stance 25 farmers were killed for taking over a farm where they were employed. Worse, the army continued to behave largely as it had under Romero, increasingly siding with right-wing groups opposed to change. Growing ever more antagonized by the situation, the three civilian members of the junta resigned early last month, and did most of the cabinet. They blamed the collapse on U.S. interference. Said one departing cabinet minister: "Washington's collusion with rightist elements scuttled our efforts." The civilian members of the junta were replaced, but that did nothing to assuage the population's disillusionment.

Last week the only remaining support for the junta came from Duarte who was recently allowed to return from exile. But even his Christian Democratic party's support was conditional. It gave the junta a three-month deadline to carry out farm and labor reform, as well as nationalize the banks and foreign trade. Said Duarte: "If the army tries to stop change, we'll walk out. And if we leave, no democratic outcome is possible."

By Ross Fanning  
with correspondent's files



## Japan

### The Kremlin's men in Tokyo

The professors read like a *laissez-faire* thriller. Coded instructions were received by shortwave radio in an obscure Tokyo apartment. A piece of adhesive tape stuck on the bulletin board of a public playground, a chalk circle drawn on the street at an out-of-the-way intersection signalled to Soviet agents the rendezvous where unmarked envelopes stuffed with top-secret information were handed to shadowy figures in darkened side streets.

With the arrest of three senior officers of Japan's military intelligence service accused of spying for the Soviet Union, their erstwhile colleagues were trying last week to pick up the pieces and assess how seriously the nation's security had been breached. It didn't look good. The key figure in the nation's most post-war spy scandal was Yukio Miyasaga, former major general of the U.S. (intelligence) branch of Japan's self-defence forces. From 1967 to '69 he served as chief of intelligence at northern army headquarters and was in a position to know every crucial detail of defence plans for the island of Hokkaido.

Japanese spies who had been following Miyasaga for months believed that the Soviets were primarily after military information about Chosha, named as to Japan by the CIA. That brought angry charges from Prime Minister Kakuei Tanaka. Posing that the Soviet Union was organizing a fifth column in Japan and let U.S. defence officials wondering how many of their other assets had slipped into Soviet hands via the Japanese.

Miyasaga identified as his chief contact Colonel Yuri Kozlov, a military and air attaché at the Soviet embassy. Police had hoped to question Kozlov. But the moment the affair broke he was holed up in an Aeroflot jet by strongly armed embassy personnel. Apparently his mother had been suddenly taken ill back home.

Ironically, Miyasaga, a Russian speaker, first made contact with the Soviet embassy to educate his own information sources. But it was the Soviets who benefited. On retirement from the Japanese service, Miyasaga was unable to find employment. So the Soviets, who had kept close tabs on his plight, sympathetically offered him a job.

His treachery came to light when Raiklav Levitskaya, the Tokyo correspondent for a Soviet weekly magazine, defected to the U.S. last October. Japanese police now say Miyasaga received



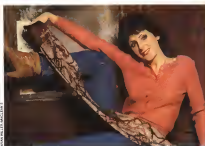
Kozlov leaves hurriedly for Moscow (top), and Miyasaga taps on the bulletin board

\$2,000 (U.S.) per envelope of secrets, and earned enough money to pay off the outstanding \$10,000 on his home loan 10 years early.

The last major Soviet spy captured in Japan was Richard Sorge, who had supplied Moscow with data that cost the Soviets Japan would not attack them in the Second World War. Smuggling Stalin to deal with Hitler first, Sorge was hanged. But post-war espionage laws mean that Miyasaga may spend only a year or less in prison if convicted. That has spared Japanese Premier Masuhiro Ozawa to call for the immediate passage of tougher anti-spy statutes. The defense agency, meanwhile, has launched a crash review of its own activities and a reshuffle of top brass is imminent. Levitskaya reportedly turned over the names of several other spies within the Japanese military establishment, who now must be quietly waiting for the axe to fall.

Stephen Brunt

In the beginning she was named **Kathleen Anne Mary McClynn**. "You can't get much more Irish than that," says McClynn, 26, a Montreal-born actress who decided that some of the Irish had to be taken out of her name if she was going to be a success. McClynn changed her name to **Kathy Michael McClynn** because she liked the sound of it, but rumors spread that she was a transsexual. Later on this year, McClynn's stage name will adopt yet another persona as she plays **Kate Winslet** in an off-Broadway production sponsored by Edmont's Northern Light Theatre. Audiences who saw her perform the role last year in Edmont and Vancouver will hardly recognize McClynn's robust **Pia**, since she has lost 26 pounds. McClynn readily admits that when she appeared before them she looked more "like a beached whale" than the *Little Sparrow*.



McClynn as Pia in *The Sparrow*

**W**omen past 30 fail again quickly," explains 30-year-old "Austrian Oak" **Arnold Schwarzenegger**, who has turned pumping iron into a literary and film career. Schwarzenegger's first book, *Arnold: The Education of a Bodybuilder*, focused on the ways, means and dumbbells he used to develop his six-foot-two frame into a well-rounded 275-lb. Yet his latest book, *Arnold's Relationship for Women*, concentrates on freeing the female torso. "My main reason right now is to get women into shape," he says with Toronto zeal. Schwarzenegger's next mission is growing his muscle for the 1992 role in the *Die Hard* sequel film *Clear and Dangerous*.

Schwarzenegger "woman past 30 fail again!"



Schwarzenegger "woman past 30 fail again!"

**T**he dulcet tones of CTV national news anchorman **Lloyd Robertson** will be put to the test over the next few weeks as the newscaster takes on a double-headed role covering both the Olympics and the election. "I'll be leaving from skin to election runners," says Stratford-born Robertson, who agreed last summer to do the Winter Games. Currently Robertson, 46, is basking up on both high-stakes times and radio/ratings. And he says the task ahead is sure "to test the elasticity of my mentality." When the Olympic coverage ends on Sunday, Feb. 24, Robertson will have one Monday of rest before returning to the news desk he usually shares with **Harvey Kasek**. It won't be smooth sailing from there on in, though. Kirk is planning a 30-day vacation—starting Tuesday.

McClynn: neither transsexual nor whalelike

**F**eb. 4, 1980, was a bad night for the Denvers family of Leno, Ontario. By morning five of the members of the wild Irish family had been slaughtered. Next year the gruesome story comes to the big screen in an adaptation of 89-year-old **Oris Miller's** 1963 novella of the massacre, *Death to the Innocents*. Producer **James Deamus**, 35, and **Roger Le Blanc**, 30, hope to net their "million-dollar" feature in some of the costliest locations in southern Ontario. On the evening of Feb. 4, 1980, the two Lenos, Ont., filmmakers plan to hold a casual dinner commemorating the centennial of the *Black Donnelly's* demise, and hope to be in Los Angeles shortly thereafter negotiating financing and casting.

**T**he good news for the world is that **Michael** **Ali** hasn't given up on peace. The former champ is forging ahead with plans for an international peace organization called **WORLD** (World Organization for Rights, Liberty and Dignity). Ali introduced the idea at the United Nations last April and he keeps adding new dimensions, including a Super Bowl-sized stadium outside Los Angeles for benefits and, of course, boxing matches. When asked how **WORLD** would handle the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, Ali replied that it would tell the Reds: "Look, the Muslim people are peaceful, so we'd appreciate it if you could lay off."

**T**he stresses of being a Kennedy are reaching into the clan's younger generation. Recently the family hired **Dennis** **Add**, a street-wise drug expert from Sacramento, to keep a sound-the-clock watch on **Senator Ed**



Kennedy: nephew of John F. Kennedy

**ward Kennedy's** nephew, **David Kennedy**, who spent three weeks in hospital last September for treatment of a heart infection that is sometimes associated with narcotics addiction. Earlier, Kennedy, 26, had been robbed of \$80 in a Harlem hotel known to be a haven for drug dealers. Jailed on an issue of absence from a psychiatric treatment centre which specializes in the drug-related problems of middle-class youth. In the meantime, another nephew of the presidential hopeful, **Christopher Lawford**, 24, is to appear in court Feb. 7 to answer charges of attempting to obtain \$0.10 (ten cents) (payroll) by fraud or deceit, after he called in a prescription order for an Aspen pharmaceutical in the name of **Dr. Smith**.

Wetherall, tickets waiting for *Exposito*

**F**or almost four months 20-year-old **Jack Wetherall** has been nosstrating his body into the cagnally shape of **John Merrick**, a disfigured Briton who became known as "elephant man" and whose story has become the hottest ticket on Broadway for the past six months. Wetherall will leave *The Elephant Man* this month to accept "a wonderful offer" from Stratford Artistic Director **Robin Phillips**, including alternating with **Richard Meese** in the plum role of **Henry V**. Before Wetherall leaves Broadway, he hopes to see a friendly face from his home town of **Stark St. Narn, Ontario**. "I've been a fan of **Phil Exposito** for a long time," says Wetherall, "and if his friends willing to see my show, I've got tickets for him. The Sox boys are taking care of each other."



Wetherall: tickets waiting for Exposito

**Exposito**," says lead **Shag Doug Bennett**, 28. At first, the name deterred audiences, but now the *Shags* become a happening wherever they play. Fans, known as *Shaggers*, take particular pleasure in dressing up for special "Shagfest" theme nights, even when it means having to look like **Lucille Ball** to get in free. "I think we're fun," says Bennett, whose musical turns run from just to reggae. "Every other band in this town is exactly the same. They take it so seriously—like it's the end of the world."

**I**t may cost producer **Bill Marshall** \$25,000 (U.S.) not to have actress **Karen Black** appear in his film, *Midnight Melrose*, being shot in Vancouver last October. Representatives for Marshall and Black entered "negotiations" which ultimately fell apart without so much as

Black: Canadian producer's \$25,000 baby



Black: Canadian producer's \$25,000 baby

**Hollywood designer Mr. Blackwell** **Elkanah Taylor** third on his list of the decade's worst dressed women after **Dolly Parton** ("outstapron") and **Jacqueline Onassis** ("vermilion crutch"). Taylor, 41, was criticized for wearing "two or three yards of flesh for two feet inches of fabric." Now the wife of Virginia's Senator **John Warner**, poorly Taylor does not wear what Blackwell's said. "I think a woman's dress should be like a barbed wire fence," she says, "and serve the purpose without blocking the view."

**T**he jumping jets in Vancouver these days are the place grandpa's sister known as **Doug and the Shags**. "To us it was a name that rhymed and was

a phrase call being exchanged between the two. Now Black is demanding compensation for its use, which would have paid her \$150,000. "There's nothing in writing, nothing even orally," says Marshall, who was ordered by a Toronto judge to get the money into trust last week pending review. ACTRA, represented on a standing committee that determined the amount of the settlement, says the word would be the largest made to an actor in Canada, and **Stephen Warkid**, the assistant general secretary, finds it quite ironic that an American performer is on the receiving end. "I wouldn't want to have to explain this to any out-of-work Canadian actors," says Marshall.

**Edited by Marsha Redden**

1980





## Election 1980

### How they make money talk

It was only hours after Sir John A. sent his rascally telegram ("I must have another ten thousand... last time of calling") when he got his reply from Sir John Abbott of the CPE. "There are no ten thousand dollars." The appeals have been refused since 1872, but business is still answering the call of the bagman in the 1980 election campaign. The three national parties together will spend about \$10 million\* this time, and the money has to come from somewhere.

In coming, by some accounts, gradually Liberal Senator John Godfrey, Toronto lawyer and graybeard of Canadian fund raising, says the firm comes from his neighborhood, not so much about the calling of this election that he withheld his usual cheque. In the Tory camp, lawyer-bagman Jeff Lyons admits: "A few people are trying to avoid me." But Godfrey says most contributors "are resigned to duty" and the early bankers are expected to make up in due course. Like the Tories, Godfrey's Grays depend on companies for half their yearly income, he personally handles only the top 20 Ontario contributors on the party list. Among the first people he consults before phoning his "clients" is Hal Jackson, Toronto financier and chairman of Empire Life Insurance Co. Jackson, three times unsuccessful as a political opponent to

former finance minister Donald Macdonald, is Godfrey's opposite number in the Conservative party, the quiet power behind the purse strings. Most companies give the same amount to Grays and Tories, so Godfrey and Jackson prevent price-cutting by setting in advance what to ask. Once agreed, they sometimes drive off to meet prospects together. Godfrey says how much they collect won't emerge until next year, in reports filed by the parties and published by the chief electoral officer. The big banks, as a group, are the heaviest donors at \$20,000 or \$25,000 apiece to each of the old-line parties (Canadian Pacific, Macdonald's old friend, says it gave each \$25,000 last year, but isn't saying how much this year.)

Just what such companies hope to gain from such spending ranges from speculation, and the firms themselves are obscuroly shy about their own donations. Caught into too many causes—from Macdonald's Pacific Island to Richard Nixon's Watergate—many smaller investors between—business is somewhat uncomfortable, perhaps understandably, about becoming too deeply involved. Some companies based in the U.S., where corporate political gifts are now illegal, have quit giving in

to John A. Macdonald in contemporary cartoon (below) Godfrey, Jackson in bad odor



Canada. Ford, for one, stopped last year. The bagmen do their best to soothe jittery contributors by denoting their appeals in impossible ideals to the words of Terry Yates, head of the re Canada Fund. "It is a corporate responsibility to participate in the political process," Liberals like the same above-board approach. Paul Kim, Liberal campaign coordinator in Ontario, says two or three firms sent cheques "with strings attached" in the last campaign, they were sent back.

The New Democratic Party takes a slightly different approach. "Politics is a matter of obligations," declares Gordon Bragdon, NDP treasurer, and, so proof of this conviction, the NDP says it won't take money from public companies. In fact, the party's accounting system tends to obscure the source of its own funds. But Bragdon says unions contribute 10 to 25 per cent of the NDP's income, while individual contributors provided more than half the \$4.2 million the NDP collected nationally and provincially in 1978, the most recent year of available figures.

Corporate cash in bad odor or not, all parties are trying to rely more on individual contributions. Pioneered by the Tories, direct mail appeals have been generating larger shares of their total budgets. Names and addresses are drawn from sources as diverse as magazine subscription lists and the Yellow Pages. Yates notes, though, that the timing of this election has cramped the impact of direct mail: mailings were delayed because January is a busy month for the mail-order houses that staff and send the letters. That means you might get only one plea from the bagmen instead of two. John Hay

## Sports

### To play or not to play

By Ithel Quinn

The most important thing in the Olympic Games is not to win but to compete. —Olympic Creed by Baron Pierre de Coubertin

"I've been training four hours a day for 26 years. I want to go." —Angela Taylor, Canadian Olympic sprinter

Last week, as Winter Olympic organizers in Lake Placid, New York, prayed for snow and athletes around the world trained for the events of their lives, events in Afghanistan spilled into the gymnasium and weight rooms and onto the tracks and fields of the world. Reaction to the Soviet invasion of the country settled between Iran, Pakistan, the People's Republic of China, and the U.S.S.R. was swift and almost universal. The invasion was denounced, trade sanctions were imposed, cultural exchanges stopped. Three weeks ago, the U.S. ambassador to Moscow was recalled to Washington to confer with President Jimmy Carter. He was asked what action he saw the most positive effect on the Soviets—withdrawal from the Olympics or trade sanctions? The ambassador replied, "There's no question. The Olympics would."

Carter made his stand last week, one that threatened the dreams of approximately 13,700 athletes and coaches and forced them to re-examine those dreams, forced the governments of the world to respond, forced the world to take a hard look at the Olympics, and placed the future of the Games in jeopardy.

Carter called for the removal of the summer Games from Moscow as, insisting that, a U.S. boycott of the Games if Soviet troops are not withdrawn from Afghanistan by Feb. 20. The authority to boycott or withdraw from the Olympics is held by the Olympic committee of each country, so Carter wrote to the president of the USSR, Robert Kase. Carter asked him to support his call for an alternate site or cities, his suggestion of a permanent site for the summer



Games in Greece and aid in seeking a permanent site for the winter Games.

Last Wednesday, Kase appeared before the U.S. House Committee on Foreign Affairs. "A switch in site this year would destroy the Olympics," he said. "A U.S. boycott would undercut the games to termination." Kase added later, however, that he could not imagine the USSR going against the wishes of the U.S. Congress. The following day, Congress voted overwhelmingly (386-12) to support Carter. The vote is a significant reading of grassroots opinion as the congressmen are up for election this year. (A Gallup poll last week reported 56 per cent of Americans support a boycott.) The resolution goes to the U.S. Senate this week.

Kase was armed for the meeting with a copy of a telegram sent to International Olympic Committee President Lord Killbuck by Dick Pound, president of the Canadian Olympic Association. While opposing Carter's proposal, Pound wrote "Our friends from the U.S. government seem to have an overriding interest for doing precisely the wrong thing in all delicate international matters." Pound told Macdonald's "In any case, it would be impossible for

any city or country to get ready for the Games in three or four months. The competition is staggering."

Pound's reaction was echoed late last week by officials of 12 international sports federations. The officials unanimously stated they would follow the lead of the IOC, which is flatly opposed to a change of site or boycott. In fact, IOC rules preclude movement of the Games, their postponement or cancellation.

As Olympic contributors held firm, political leaders pronounced. Governments supporting Carter, in varying degrees, included Canada, Great Britain, China, Australia, New Zealand, the Netherlands and West Germany. Opposed were France, Denmark, Greece, Sweden, the Ivory Coast, Mexico and the 50-nation Pan-African sports council. Iran, Japan and Egypt were undecided and the Islamic Federation ministers planned a weekend meeting to work out a common response.

Joe Clark reported a change of notes at the beginning of the week but by Saturday moved the country closer to a boycott after creating a task force to

\*Total allowed mostly the same as the party spent during 1976. Despite Auditor of public funds report. The Liberals, Johnson \$19 million, Conservatives \$2.7 million, NDP \$2.1 million. Each of those appears to still below the legal spending limit this time of \$1.2 million.

seaside alternative sites in Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, Kingston and across Canada. The government could take steps to prevent Canadian athletes from going to Moscow. Pierre Trudeau is on record as opposing a boycott.

Should the boycott gather support, considerable material investments are threatened. Soviet officials say they are spending \$370 million on the Games but Western analysts put the figure at closer to \$3 billion for the 50 major construction projects (including a 45,000-seat stadium, 6,000-seat Olympic track and 12,000-seat Olympic hall) and investing more than \$100 million for TV rights. Also at stake for SOG is an estimated \$170 million in advertising revenue. Levi Strauss has \$12 million tied up in U.S. jeans uniforms, Coca-Cola has pledged \$50 million, Gillette \$5 million, and the expected \$500-million will go for merchandise bearing the official symbol of the Games, Mishka the bear, is already disappearing. About 6,000 Canadians were expected to go to Moscow at individual costs of between \$1,500 and \$5,000.

But no price can be put on the sacrifice of an athlete. The 28-year-old Jamaican-born sprinter Angela Taylor "I don't agree with what the Russians have done, but deep down I have to be biased. I want to go. I've taken a year off school just to train for the Games, but I guess people will say I'm selfish." U.S. athletes have come out on both sides of the question. Canadian high jumper Debbie Brill says, "I don't like what is



Bill: It's too big, too political

happening. It's too big, too political. Part of me wants to compete, and part says "no." Many Canadian athletes support a change of location, but as Dick Pound points out, "Canadian athletes are not controlled by politics. By competing in Moscow, they would not be endorsing, expressly or by implication, the Soviet government's system or actions." And knowing well the hours and years it takes to produce an Olympic competitor, Charlie Fisher, a coach of the Canadian national swim team, points out, "Certainly the athletes are a minority, a very small one. But if we boycott the Games, their individual sacrifices will be enormous. If the Canadian people were told that their sons were needed as ambassadors in Afghanistan, I'd like to see how many lined up to head in their keys."

The boycott controversy will not soon be resolved, even as the U.S. Senate and

the U.S. Olympic committee confer. "The SOG has no alternative but to say 'no' to Corrier's proposal," says Pound. A state department official told Madden's that the government must invoke the International Economic Powers Act, which allows the president "in times of emergency" to prohibit the export of currency, thus preventing the U.S. Olympic team from paying its Moscow hotel bills. Or, the secretary of state could revoke the teams' passports if travel abroad is "inconsistent with national security or foreign policy interests" of the U.S.

The situation is not without irony. Last week, the U.S. and the Soviet Union began a boxing exchange. The U.S. state department had asked the Amateur Athletic Union to cancel, but last Monday a White House official told the AAU that the government no longer opposed the trip. And late last week and successfully bid for the television rights to the 1984 Games.

With Les Unruhert in Washington,

gold medal he performed only slightly affecting what was considered as the most impressive display that Adolf Hitler made of the Games.

Israel was excluded from the 1948 Games under the threat of an Arab boycott and the 1952 Games were boycotted by Taiwan because Communist China was invited. As Soviet tanks moved to crush the Hungarian revolt in 1956, Spain, Switzerland and the Netherlands withdrew in protest. At the same time, Egypt, Lebanon and Iraq boycotted the Games over the Anglo-French seizure of the Suez Canal, and the Communist Chinese team walked out because of the presence of Taiwan.

In 1964, South Africa was barred for its segregationist policies and again in 1968 because of pressure from African nations. Black American athletes threatened to boycott the 1968 Games, leading for the Black-gloved Muhammad Ali, of whom Carlos and Tommie Smith on this victory stand. Pledging quietude killed 11 Israeli athletes at the Munich Games of 1972 and Taiwan was excluded and 28 African nations boycotted the Montreal Olympics of 1976 to protest a tour of South Africa by a New Zealand rugby team.



Carlos, Smith give salute: arena politics

advised boycotting the 1936 Olympics in Berlin, but a Gallup poll found that the majority of Americans were against pulling out. Black sprinter Jesse Owens won four

## Education

# Multiple-choice anxiety

THEIR faces registering all the resignation and alienation of man and woman in a breeding, thousands of Canadian students crowd certain universities doors each year waiting to go through an agonizing, three-hour, computer-choreographed — mass — ritual known as "the great sweat-it," an American-designed aptitude test that to most gives discomfort more than any other factor whether they will even be considered for law, medical and business graduate schools. Until recently, students have faced them merely with do-or-die dread, now they do it with the added burden of knowing that an awful of evidence suggests that the computer tests themselves are far from what they're pitched up to be.

Most of the tests, which supposedly tell university admissions officers who will succeed and who won't, are designed by the Educational Testing Service (ETS) of Princeton, New Jersey, a multinational giant, nonprofit corporation which has become the latest target of conservative rights guru Ralph Nader.

He knows how crucial these test results can be every year they are taken by seven million people from Zaire to Antarctica, in kindergarten and universities and even by candidates for jobs with the CIA. With the minor vengeance he used to feel giants like General Motors and Ford, Nader called a flurry of Washington press conferences last month to release the results of a six-year study of the corporation. His conclusion, the multiple-choice tests are



McLaughlin (left) and McLaughlin: "the great sweat-it," no better than rolling dice

ineffective in predicting an individual's performance. In fact, Nader charges that the best known of the tests, the Scholastic Aptitude Test (SAT)—which was once used as an entrance exam to Canada and is taken by 1.5 million college-bound U.S. high-school students—predicts first-year college grades 30 per cent of the time no more accurately than a roll of the dice.

The 584-page Nader study—primarily the work of 30-year-old Columbia University undergraduate Allan Nader, who started it as a senior in a New Jersey high school—says that, in the case of SAT, high-school marks alone are twice as good an indicator. Nader's attacks on the tests led New York state last month to vote "writ-it-testing" legislation that gives test takers, among other things, the right to copy of their own exams and the correct answers. The latest charges are part of a turmoil that has been building for years over many forms of intelligence and aptitude testing. Crates argue that they're unfairly

biased and that they discriminate mostly against low-income students.

However, ETS has been quick to challenge the Nader findings. Says President William Turrell, a graduate of the University of Western Ontario: "The [Nader] data is not wrong, it is taken from 1955, but my concern is that they've reached the wrong conclusion by statistical misapplication." He points to thousands of reports which show a valid relationship between the ETS score and future school performance. The schools seem to agree with Turrell, they have been using the tests for at least 30 years with few complaints.

At York University's Osgoode Hall Law School, 1975's Law School Admission Test (LSAT) has been used as an entrance for admission since 1973 and the school's failure rate has been as low as three to five per cent. Says Andrew Karachan, director of admissions, "One conclusion is that we're choosing the right people for law school. It's tricky to say we can isolate LSAT as the reason, but it does seem to be a valid predictor." Kevin McLaughlin, Osgoode Hall's student council president, says students don't complain about LSATs even if they've gone through the ordeal, seeing it instead as a way of narrowing the field. Even ETS's students apply partly for the school's 380 first-year seats.

In Canada and the United States thousands of students are now flocking to special coaching schools which prepare them for the aptitude tests. Claims by the schools of improving scores by as many as 200 points out of 800 were investigated last year by the U.S. Federal Trade Commission's Bureau of Consumer Protection and it found clearly that some students could improve their scores by as many as 25 points, despite ETS's insistence that the tests were "unchangeable." Aside from Nader's charges, that finding also placed the validity of the aptitude tests in a dubious light. If they truly measure only innate ability, not learned skills, how can coaching improve results?

Paulette Bourgeois



## Political Games are nothing new

THE repeated threats of opponents of a boycott of the Olympic Games in Moscow is that sports and politics should be separate: that international athletic competition is one of the best bastions of peaceful global communication and accord. Yet in this modern Olympic era, which began in 1896, politics has rarely been far from the arena.

Relics' games of the ancient Olympic Games, invaders travelled from Olympia to announce them to all Greeks and crowned with them a proclamation of a sacred truce for a period before and after the Games. The first boxer stopped wars but all failed succeeded in preventing wars between the Greeks. In the modern era, war was called the Games three times—in 1916, 1940 and 1944.

The political tone of the modern Games was set the first time they were held when Crown Prince Constantine of Greece accompanied his countrymen across the sea to win the marathon. The U.S. con-

# Getting down to business

By Val Ross

There's an odd contraption in the middle of an outfitting store in the new Edmonton Centre mall. It's almost dome-like. Shoppers gravitate to study it. Mounted on a wooden pedestal, and standing on a yak of polar parka, is a clear plastic cylinder, 15 inches high, filled with a soft, white pillow of infinite intricacy, of spongy felted silk, filled, in fact, with the approximately two million interlocking filaments that make up one ounce of pressed, pure goose down.

Goose down, and the less expensive duck down, processed and stuffed into parkas, hats, boots, vests, sleeping bags and comforters, are the fluffy pillars of a \$100-million Canadian manufacturing and retailing industry which has seen its business grow 500 per cent in the past decade. Of course, down has been around for a long time, northern Europeans, and Mesopotamians and Hittites in Canada, have been stuffing comforters and pillows with down plucked from the breasts of their own farm geese as long as they have been eating geese. And down clothing, patented in 1896 by a Seattle, Washington, outdoorwear maker, Robt. Bauer, was worn by high-mountain pilots in the Second World War. But what used to be essentially a western, northern and ethnic-based utility market has suddenly bloomed into an entire urban fashion fad. And that's why, now, down is up, and very in.

Russell Morris, president of the Canadian Down and Feather Products Association, observes, bemused: "I've only to say 'I'm in down products' at a cocktail party to draw half the people." Ian Duffin, manager of Edmonton's Eddie Bauer Outfitter Outfitters store, has watched his customers—"especially the camping and ecology enthusiasts"—trade information about what down is and isn't (it's not feather, the under-feather down plume has no shaft, but resembles dandelion fluff) and why it doesn't so well (down's milky mix of filaments trap layers of non-conducting air). "It's light, compressible and ex-



Leslie of Vancouver with her quick-change duvet. Davies' down coat in Toronto, a fly full of down, simple ecology chic.



trously warm," says *Altimontis Journal* photographer Jan Cochran, who does down vests and mitts for outdoor winter sports. A 12-ounce down coat offers more insulation than a four-pound wool machine, at a fifth the cost. Unlike synthetic insulation, down breathes, absorbs moisture and adjusts to body temperature. Trish Leslie, a Vancouver-based airline employee, sleeps under her down comforter 12 months a year, and on weekends takes it to her ski cabin at Whistler—by stuffing it into a paper bag. Its bulk disappears (as a huge soft rabbit) into a magazine's hat.

As with any good fat, true down can climb a hierarchy of products. There's the relatively inexpensive, water-repellent feather and down mix. There's the pure duck down, usually the byproduct of young ducklings that never get a chance to develop a winter coat. And then there's the whitest, cleanest, purest goose down. Maria Kapas, merchandising manager of Toronto's The Duvet Centre, comments: "Our most popular product is our most expensive: a goose down comforter at \$200."

Once hoarded beside the money and honey at Mesopotamian farmers' markets,



the comforter, re-filled "duvet" (French for down) and covered in designer sheets, now graces the bedrooms of the professionally disoriented and the celebrated. *Jeanette* Jane Caldwell and Trent Frayne own three (and, when they arise in the morning, pad around in down boots). Winnipeg lawyer Colin MacArthur and his wife, Megan, bought theirs for the convenience. "Bed-making is just a trait," enthuses Megan MacArthur, with one deft toss she handles that dull chore. "And you can redecorate the bedroom simply by buying a new comforter covering." Housekeepers

also forget about those blanket-suffocated fast sleep that hard under beds. "Duvet market has probably quadrupled in the last three years," boasts The Duvet Centre's Kapas.

Designer labels now appear on comforters, but they're even more prominent in those champagne-porcelain coats featured in *Vogue*. Bill Schwartzman, director of Canadown '77 Ltd., a Winnipeg-based fashion firm, estimates that his company's coat exports to the United States rose by 500 per cent last year. Down must be quilted to prevent it from settling in one corner of its container, and so weavers of down, though comfortable at -60°C, traditionally have looked like Michelin men. What has given down its fashion boost are lightweight quilting techniques and colorful new stretch fabrics which contain it snugly in the tube lines and Star Trek shoulders of current mode.

But certainly the largest reason for down's popularity, in clothes or bedding, is simply ecology chic. What-  
ever geese sneak off for a nib on their hosts' puffy bed coverings, or campers are observed grudging each other's sleeping bags, or skiers sniffing one another's mitts for that signature smell of human sweat—there the planetary passion has struck. "I love natural fibres," says Toronto guidance counselor Joanne Davies, "and I can't afford for my down coat's a dream—light, warm, ideal."

If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, then down is flattered indeed—by heavy competition from cheaper, synthetic insulators which mirror its properties and snuff its look. Raw down's price is high—up to \$50 a pound—because Canadian sources satisfy only five to 10 per cent of demand and the vast bulk of supplies must be imported from China, Hong Kong and Singapore, where duck and goose are raised exclusively for the diet. So synthetics with names such as Thinsulate and Hollofil stuff jackets and comforters that are \$10 to \$40 cheaper than the cheapest down jackets and less than half the price of duvets.

Supply for the plush producers, the root of many synthetics, which are petroleum-based, is rising. Besides, synthetics just don't carry the romance of the real stuff. There's something as irresistible, naturally appealing about down as kittens or babies' hands, and that's why, last year, Canadians bought an astounding 800,000 pounds of it. Joanne Davies seasonally sees a bloom of it escape her roof and sell away. "A little miracle of nature," she says affectionately. Adds Winnipeg's Megan MacArthur: "I'm graduating my kids from duvets to down comforters—just as soon as they stop wetting the bed." ◇



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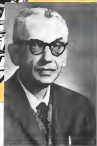
using our brains and figuring out solutions to the problems he poses. Often his commentaries overflow into parody—Albussean may not fully appreciate the Swisscheese rule, "named after an Albussean railroad engineer who worked in logic on the siding"—but Hofstadter's passion for his subject and his need to communicate this feeling to others clarify the book with the excitement of new discoveries. The versatile Dr. Klafstadter also typed it himself—on a computer, of course. Mark Coscarelli

## Home without the heart

EVERYTHING IN THE WINDOW  
by Shirley Fessler  
\$22.95 (hardcover) \$12.95 (pb)

In 1967, Shirley Fessler's first short story was published in *Atlantic*. Maybe *Letter N Will Come Back to Me* was something of a discovery, and over the next five years both *Atlantic* and *The Toronto Review* published five of the Toronto author's witty, amusing and undeniably excellent tales. Each story—a glimpse into the Jewish emigre community of the Spadina and College area in the 1950s—is drawn with such economy of line and steady-handed clarity that the septa lanes of a distant Toronto and the background shadows of Eastern Europe come glow-

Fessler: friends, lovers and a wry narrator



Fessler's *Window Ship It*, *Godot's theory on the scientific life parade*

fully reproduce Bach's self-referential treatment of musical themes in certain of his compositions. It's all clever and funny but not particularly enlightening, though the mathematical complexities of Bach's music might have revealed meaningful analogies for Hofstadter's arguments if explored in depth. He has chosen instead to draw fanciful and entirely unbelievable parallels between the derivation of logical propositions and the proposition of DRS, but manages only to undermine his own credibility.

Godot, Rober, Raak works best when Hofstadter explains to his lay reader what he knows best—logic, mathematics, computers, artificial intelligence. Building from easily comprehensible ideas to more complex ones, he continually teaches and captivates us into actually

fully back to life. An old man joins his friends for a glass of wine and a game of kribbage in an ice cream parlor on Avenue Street. An old woman answers "Gerald! A pogrom!" when two policemen enter her home.

Considering the success of her short stories, it is difficult to explain the failure of Fessler's first novel, *Everything in the Window*. Populated with the characters, built on the themes and set in the same time and place as her shorter works, the story of the marriage of Sophie Glickman and Billy James—Jewish girl and gentile boy—lacks the precision of argument that is Fessler's trade mark. The confident, straightforward prose of stories like *Hope or A Basket of Apples* becomes, when stretched over the 360 pages of a novel, bland and unengaged. The narrative, based on the transition from one scene to the next, is often little more than stage direction. And the demands of time—so rigorous a discipline in the realm of short fiction—is a problem that is never solved except pass disconcertingly in a single paragraph, a day becomes a chapter.

*Everything in the Window*, however, has a single weakness more crucial than those of technique and it is a problem that lies squarely in the distance between the short story and the novel. A short story brings a brief moment to light, revealing its characters in a chapter of time. A novel, in a general sense, watches its characters pass through time, observing, in its development, growth, change, decay. In this instance, Fessler's characters are too closely to

be developed. Poets tell us, for instance, that Billy begins as a wide-eyed, youthful gym instructor and ends a miserable wreck, but strongly enough he remains the same wet noodle throughout the book. Sophie passes from schoolgirl to lover to a young mother to a withdrawn wife, as the vessel of apparently unresolvable events. She seems somehow sustained by life. And the supporting cast—Sophie's friends and lovers, a crazy heady, Billy's cheap Tupperware set as by the author like so many Renaissance and Enlightenment, not simply to be themselves but to inform

us of the states of mind and sentiments of the principals.

*Everything in the Window* is not without its charms. As expected, Shirley Fessler conjures images of a time and neighborhood that are, in themselves, pleasing memories. The humor and sadness of the mutual suspicion of Jew and gentile are treated with understanding, that it is the soft light of things past that is the book's greatest strength. With some illumination left for its characters, *Everything in the Window* remains a more sincere

David Macfarlane

## Portrait of a C.G.A.



Gerry Dallas, C.G.A., Audit Manager, Seddington & Greenfield, Mississauga

It's the diversity and challenge involved in dealing with a number of very different clients, ranging from a multi-million dollar foreign company to a one man antique store that keeps Gerry's job as exciting. And by keeping clients to a manageable number, Gerry finds he can spend more time with each of them and become involved in a wide range of financial management and auditing services. "I am faced with such a variety of problems from day to day that it keeps the profession working overtime." Gerry Dallas is a Certified General Accountant.



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### MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

- FICITION
- 1 *Society's People*, Le Carré (2)
  - 2 *The Devil's Alternative*, Forsyth (3)
  - 3 *Life Before Man*, Atwood (1)
  - 4 *Jellfish*, Vonnegut (4)
  - 5 *No Last Enlightenment*, Stewart (7)
  - 6 *Emile*, Richelieu (3)
  - 7 *The Top of the Hill*, Shaw
  - 8 *Princess Daisy*, Klenz
  - 9 *Memories of Another Day*, Sublime
  - 10 *Shadow of the Moon*, Reynolds

- NONFICTION
- 1 *And No One Sang*, Mowbray (3)
  - 2 *Ant Enns's Cape Book*, Redford (6)
  - 3 *The Howdy-doo Shakes*, Foster (1)
  - 4 *James Hervey's Yorkshire*, Harrod (3)
  - 5 *The Fourth Man*, Bayle (10)
  - 6 *The Redman*, Woodford/Gooding (2)
  - 7 *Clamnetine Churchill*, Gosses (7)
  - 8 *How to Invest Your Money and Profit From Inflation*, Shulman
  - 9 *The Right Stuff*, White
  - 10 *Marquette House*, Kennedy

1 = First edition week





# For the record

**UP ABOVE MY HEAD**  
Ken Wenzley With The Original Soft Bend and The Honolulu Hardbenders  
(One)

Gospel music is so sparsely distributed in Canada that it's welcome in any form. It's odd, though, that these Canadian performers may go beyond their folk circle recognition doing songs by Dorothy Love Coates and Sister Rosetta Tharpe and sounding like a cross between The Roots and the Staple Singers. The beautiful three-part female harmony of The Honolulu Hardbenders is suitably wasted on the masculinized camp nostalgia of *Get Hyped*, but Wenzley sings as well as *Big Brother* on Sam Cooke's *Tough as the Alps* and others.

## MENDELSON JOE



**NOT HOMOGENIZED**  
Mendelson Joe  
(Three)

Mendelson Joe is capable of making music that is as diverse and honest as his paintings, the thingy paintings in *These Who Do* being a selective example. But his voice is so seductively affected, his lyrics edgy, even when the textures of traditional rock and jazz work. Thanks *Heartstrings* sings backup and deserves an album.

## GREATEST HITS

**GILBERT** is the closest Canada has got to Clari, maybe even Melissa Manchester. She still has a housewife that is disarmingly bare, best displayed as *Get That Rock*, a Canadian disco classic, *From New York to L.A.* at least proved that not all our raw energy runs in the frozen North. The silky rock in her voice on *Rock to the City* is a resource still to be tapped.



**GOODBYE LA**  
Segarini Roberto  
(One)

Rob Segarini shows experienced efficiency as guitarist and producer but he hasn't managed to get his six-piece band to pull off any major achievement. He can mimic and rework *Wipe Out* as well as anybody, but his bar-or-mus-bar music leaves things up. Some of this is as good as Nick Lowe, an irrevocable comparison, but nothing that's outstandingly better than or different from.

**THE GOOD OLD DAYS**  
Gus Mether and his band  
(Two)

Maps of Messer's face, the himself, have passed on, the old *Warblers* who would only watch television when Messer was on (or would dance to nothing but) are, like Messer, fondly missed. The Messer's appeal was cross-generational and many should give thanks to producers Alan Guttai and David Pittard for supplying these unreleased recordings of music unmatchable for charm, cultural significance, memories and a turn on the floor.

David Delagrè



**SHORTKROUCH LADY MAGDOETH OF**  
MURKROUCH  
Conducted by Murena Schaffer  
(Angel 2 3300)

Shostakovich's brutal, vital, beautiful score uses brilliant characterization and caricature to raise a 19th-century melodrama to Shostakovichian status. The heroine, initially silent and sequestered, later an outcast and deadly adulteress, is stunningly portrayed by Galina Vishnevskaya. Nikolai Golubev as her folk lover and Robert Tear as the drunken corpse-bearer are superb. So is the whole of this world premiere recording. Inevitably that Shostakovich silenced Shostakovich because of this deeply compassionate portrayal of a triple murderer and her lies. Equally true is that he walked out before the second half with his grumpy police force and shattering depiction of Siberia.



**UP TO THE MOUNTAINS**  
Lecura conducting music, magical effects

**MURENA SCHAFFER: THE CROWN OF**  
THORNS  
Schaffer/Orchestra/Taliesni  
Anda Lomon/Harp  
(Angel 2 3300)

A beguiling disc in which Lecura, principal harpist of the Toronto Symphony, demonstrates complete command of all the radiant resources of her instrument. The Britten and Talliérre are pleasant but unimpressive. The Schaffer is a new and visionary work. Her harp and a chorus of mostly well-like percussive instruments, skilfully handled here by the apparently multitalented Lomon. A series of dances portrays the myth of Theseus, and Schaffer's seductive music is both exotic and inclusive, full of magical crystalline effects.

John Pearce



## Religion

# Not all roads lead to Rome

By Hubert de Santiana

There is a certain irony in the fact that it was this Pope, John Paul II, who feebly made his church's apology to Galileo Galilei for thinking him a heretic in 1683 the great astronomer was given a choice by the Roman Catholic Church: he could recant his heresy that the sun and not the earth was the centre of the solar system, or he could face imprisonment and torture. He chose the former, although he never changed his mind, not privately. Last November the Pope admitted that Galileo had "suffered greatly at the hands of churchmen and church bodies." The irony is that the conversion came in the midst of a renewed crackdown on dissent within the Roman Catholic Church—a crackdown with reverberations that show no signs of abating.

It may be unfair to compare the church of Galileo's time to the church of today, because to do so is to compare apples with oranges and stakes and stones. However, there are parallels, such as the question of authority who speaks for the church, and who properly interprets its doctrine. As it did in the years following the Reformation, the Vatican has begun to hang dry, very tough on the question, going so far as to ensure one of the church's best-known theologians, Father Hans Küng, for what was

deemed false theology. But the King doctrine, as brought down in December by the successor to the infamous Holy Office of the Inquisition, was not the first blow struck in this holy war, and it definitely will not be the last. This conflict is not simply theological, it is ideological as well, almost to its roots.

For example, Father Edward Schillebeeckx, the prominent Dutch theologian, was denounced before a panel appointed by the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith (not Inquisition)



John Paul II, King: crackdown on dissent

Galileo and his inquisitors: recent or distant, an apology 348 years later

last November and asked to defend his interpretation of the nature of Christ in his book *Jesus: An Experiment in Christianity*. He was accused of questioning Christ's divinity (among other "truths"). About the same time an American Jesuit, Father William Gulliver, was ordered to leave his post with a somewhat radical *Friends for Equality* group because of his outspoken advocacy of the ordination of women and his public show of disaffection, including attendance at demonstrations against the Pope when he visited the United States last fall. Seven months before that, French theologian Jacques Fauriol was stripped of his priestly duties after the publication of his treatise, *Where I See God*, and the book itself was banned for containing, among other things, "dangerous and ambiguous statements about papal infallibility."

These events and others have come about in the past year, and they represent a reversal in Vatican attitudes that have been dormant since the late 1960s, through the papacies of John XXIII and Paul VI. For a conservative Catholic viewpoint, the 30 years between Pius XII and John Paul II have represented a time when liberals, under the influence of men like Küng and Schillebeeckx, have run wild, played fast and loose with church teaching and generally created confusion among the laity. "It would be excessive to say that all liberal Catholics have lost all their faith," Anne Roche, a well-known conservative Catholic voice in Canada, wrote recently in *The Globe and Mail*, "but as their own situation they have lost some of it. The great Cardinal Newman



STEFANO CROCI



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write that liberalism was the halfway house to salvation.

For Ruche and the vast constituency she represents, Pope John Paul II is doing nothing more than reaffirming the proper order of things, the "faith of the fathers." They do not want Catholics questioning as King does, papal infallibility, or the virgin birth or whether Jesus was identical in substance with God the Father. On the other hand, there is a strong voice within the church, strong the last as well as the clergy and the theologians, that Roman Catholicism must be a part of the world, responding directly to human needs, opposing political and ideological aggression, constantly changing and constantly requiring.

It is this latter group that is outraged by the Vatican's latest policies. In the Netherlands, a petition to the Vatican protesting the Soldebrecken "trial" was signed by 60,000 clergy and laymen. In Germany, thousands of King's supporters cheered him at a university rally in Tübingen. In the United States, 67 Catholic theologians affirmed that King "is indeed a Roman Catholic theologian." Twenty-one Protestant theologians have told the Pope that his policies on dissent threaten Christian unity.

In Canada, reaction has been equally strong. Edmonton's Rev. Douglas Roche (no kin to Anne) was among a number of prominent Catholics who last month petitioned Canada's bishops on behalf of King and Soldebrecken. "I believe," says Roche, "that responsible opinion inside the church should not be curtailed, and that it is deleterious to the church's interest to so curb it." Adds Andrew Greeke, perhaps the best-known commentator on Catholic affairs in the United States, "There has to be a dialogue between the church and its theologians. But unfortunately the present one does utter violence to human rights. King refuses, quite properly, to dialogue with the imagination."

King's answer to the church was given as he triumphantly returned to the University of Toronto in January. He could no longer speak in the name of the church, but he could speak—to an overflow crowd of 600. Instead of his scheduled lecture, he delivered a statement on "Why I Remain a Catholic." He had no intention of giving up his duties as priest or theologian, or of leaving the church. "To teach absolute obedience to the leader," he said, "is a disservice to the younger generation."

His statement was an echo of something another prominent Catholic clergyman said last November: "... the system must be for man. Therefore it is necessary to defend oneself from any stiffening of the system." The speaker? Pope John Paul II—talking, perhaps, about some other system. ☐

## Films

# More than just a gigolo

AMERICAN GIGOLO

Directed by Paul Schrader

Julian Kay (Richard Gere) is a high-class hustler, when he turns a trick he's paid in four figures. He's gorgeous, charming, evasive, raffish, street-smart, bold, cocksure and irresistibly self-absorbed. Julian could seduce a monk. He's the perfect stranger that all the sad, imperfect people in the world want—the ultimate modern erotic object. He's the product of a society obsessed with its own surface, he's the child of the culture of narcissism.

American Gigolo is the first American movie to dive deeply, confidently and painfully below the glib surface of a allegedly self-aware society and to show just how fragile the society of the self is at the same time it shows how attractive and tempting the surface surrounding the self can be. Richard Gere's performance, like Brando's in *On the Waterfront*, is one of a handful of carefully defined as American type. Gere has that brilliant faculty to make you see and care about what is happening behind his eyes. When he's framed for murder, his hunched, haunted look is electrifying; you feel you have crawled inside his skin. Ducked to the knees by George Armitage, his skin honeyed by the California sun, Julian is every ad marketer's self-improvement. He has invented everything he has in his image. There's little room left for anything else, and he feels empty at the core, he's *Deriving in policy shorts*. "I can't be possessed," is Julian's credo, but it's really *I'm scared to be possessed*. He has no trouble giving—it's his business—but he can't accept passions of affection. When he falls for the disheveled assistant's wife (Lauren Hutton), he fights it. "Where are you from?" she asks. "I'm not from anywhere," he replies. "I'm from this bed."

But what does it mean to Julian is the compassion he has kept for people, his eagerness to please the client, lovely women he serves in the moon's faint moment Julian stands aside by a window, his back turned to the woman he



Gere: the ultimate modern erotic object

wants to love. He talks about a client who "probably hadn't had an orgasm in 10 years." With confused grace and some sadness in his voice, he says, "It took me three hours to get her off. Who else would have taken the trouble to get her off?" Julian knows there's something deeper beneath the skin and, in fact, thanks it's best at his job when sex isn't necessary.

American Gigolo is disturbing because Julian is a pure metaphor for what we have become. The movie is going to cause a lot of confusion and misunderstanding in its reception or in its reporting? The director and screenwriter, Paul Schrader, has also created in the disheveled and pregnant physical lives of the people in it, the apartment in East Village in Paris has now become cluttered with the iconography of an age consumed of itself. The lack of resolve in American Gigolo re-

ports it with an incredible tension. The movie makes you anxious because it seldom tells you what you're supposed to feel and the thriller mechanism dissolving under its fabulous face amplifies that anxiety.

To avoid locating the movie in California, Schrader, with the help of Berlusconi's production designer, Ferdinando Scianna, gives L.A. a European look and texture it's *Le Décor* (the North American "The Decade") drug. The location wants the skin, the gay leather bars, the glow of sun and the glow of solipsism aren't viewed with self-righteousness. *Modesty* is optional, and that's exactly what American Gigolo is about—why it doesn't presume to say what *modesty* is. It's the first important movie of the decade: reflecting how we live, by showing how complex it is to learn to love and how moving the very possibility of being able to love is, the movie embraces us into recognition. Lawrence O'Toole

## School for closely watched brains

AND VERA  
Directed by Ján Ulmar

A Hungarian film criticizing the Communist party in Hungary is something of a surprise to say the least. Ironically, this major movie also turns out to be its major flaw: you get the sense that too much is being told back. But *And Vera* so beautifully made all the same and introduces a director, Pál Gábor, with a sure and subtle talent, and a luminous actress named Veronika Papp in its snare, worthy way *And Vera* is much more worthwhile than what is generally produced in movies at the moment. Behind its sophisticated exterior there's a warmth and a light barking, and it sends you out revived.



Little Veronika, Papp's therapy in bed

looms and looms well, too, the poetry has been drained out of her speech, too, and she adopts the automatic striding of her teachers. As one woman, Anna (Kriszta Páster), who has lived the humanity of her past, tells her: "We're here to study, not enjoy ourselves."

Especially, *And Vera* derives its emotional force from a simple love story. When a social evening is permitted the party "learners" get beautiful and

dance. Anna, for a long time with her eyes on her teacher (Thomas Dencs), finally dances with him in a splendidly erotic scene. It's a contest where they must dance with a Ping-Pong ball (forehead to forehead). The two of them roll the ball around each other's form and it's a therapy. In a criticism seems later, Anna, as well-trained, confesses to a clandestine tryst in his room. She goes far and loses everything.

Pál Gábor has a technique similar to Bergman's, and differently. Don't be shocked: Wonderful close-ups grow with a soft light. He'll be heard from more. For the moment, *And Vera* is very small, equally good. **L.O.T.**



Schneider "The need to strike back is gone"

admit of the same pose. "I wanted to walk Goble," he says surely, accurately. But a lot of the anger, the need to strike back, is gone. "And so is the punkish and moral righteousness that weighed last year's Hancock." It was unhappy with my lack of courage as a director on that. I couldn't deal with the miserable presence of

George C. Scott and ended up changing the ending at Scott's request. "What I can't visualize is Schneider's interaction with the gutter. The pornography scenes at L.A. in *Hanlon* have been stolen with the close-up of Peter Sarsgaard in *Disgrace*. Now Schneider hears the scene and rather than the agonistic shout or the pull of best himself. Goble is the glacial pater con-

science. "What was the reaction to the movie?" he asks. "A mixture of adoration, hostility and confusion. With confidence it came at the first film of the '60s' and suddenly has a change of mind—'or the last film at the '60s.' He answers, precisely, the first one in which American Goble finds. What's right? Wrong? How far is too far? Where does viewing and and voyeurism begin? How much is too much? And it going upon all that not not actually prying?"

Cabot's bullies pump prostitutes, gutter life. "I'm always looking for a metaphor," he says. "It's a metaphor. Goble Schneider (and even himself) as an original—a portrait of the artist as a tragedy."

**L.O.T.**

## Loving all the way to the bank

JUST TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT  
Directed by Sidney Lumet

Well, it isn't Al MacGrath, especially Al MacGrath screaming his fingers off. And it isn't Alvin King, especially Alvin King screaming back at her. He is a super-rich tycoon, who is his best woman, and the moral of this movie, enough, paid thing is that money can buy anything. This idea seems to delight the movie-makers a great deal. Thanks, but absolutely no thanks. **L.O.T.**

## Mutt and Jeff go computer dating

ROBERT ET ROBERT  
Directed by Claude Lelouch

Jacques Villeret's free-plump, swinging and with a Capital's how for a mouth—is a perfect base for a comedian. It's a curious for clarity. He also a good rapper for *Paris* and *Mad*, and even's expectations are high after his first appearance in *Robert et Robert*, where he turns traffic conducting into a concerto of classic business. Villeret's a present physical comedian, but he's in movie in Claude Lelouch (*4 Men and a Woman*) and Lelouch, a romantic schizoid, puts him in bondage. There are, mostly, close-ups of Villeret's face and those hat, and eyes. Lelouch just about tells him to dress.

As Robert, the stand one who lives with his mother (dico d'opense Ringer, who's bloody and funny). Villeret does carry some of the movie with his face. His realties are debate and slow, but it's always the last one to get the joke. He meets the other Robert (Charles Berling, who could do with a Valium), a tough and muscle-cabine who also lives with his mother, at a computer dating service. The two become fast friends. After a series of so-called "adventures" Robert et Robert continues to wind to a halt during a marriage, contracted during a "weekend for singles," where the guests sing the theme from *A Man and a Woman*. In this so drama? Villeret, while telling a story, discovers he has an undisputed comic talent and becomes a famous comedian. This is a pathetic "little people" movie saying, rather dishonestly, that everybody has a chance in life. That's why there's computer dating. And, like computer dating, Robert et Robert is ample proof that there are better ways to have a lousy time. **L.O.T.**



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